STATE TEA... JOHNSON...

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1934 NUMBER 1022

Contents

The Week 192

Editorials

Why More Battleships? 194
Will the Republicans Come Back? 195
Von Papen Shows His Hand 196

General Articles

Where Is Labor Organizing? ..... Karl Lore 198
Newswriters vs. the N.R.A. ..... John Scribner 200
A Mirror of Nazi Marvels ..... Celia Strachey and John Gustav Werner 203
Who Will Buy My Lavender? ..... Isobel Strother Walker 205
Back to the Midwife? ... Helena Huntington Smith 207
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 208
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 209

Correspondence 210

Swan and Shadow ..... Stark Young 212
Mysteries and Medicals ..... Otis Ferguson 213

Books in Review

Man's Solitude ..... Malcolm Cowley 214
The Road to Hitler ..... Frederick L. Schuman 215
Money Unmuddled ..... Harry D. Gideonse 215
Chapbook of an Age ..... R. S. Crane 216
Now as Story Teller ..... Barthold Fles 216
All-Star Revues ..... R. M. MacGregor 217
Words and Music ..... Constance Rourke 217
The Rose-Colored Spy Glass ..... Robert E. Asher 218
Books in Brief 218

The Week

THE shut-down by the Harriman hosiery mills because they have lost the Blue Eagle is in effect a lockout against both labor and the United States government. In every sense of the word, this concern is now an outlaw. It refused to obey Section 7a of the Recovery Act by bargaining collectively with its unionized employees; it discharged union representatives, and when a strike came in protest, it refused to reinstate the union men when ordered to do so by the Labor Board. It insists, in defiance of the law, in maintaining a closed non-union shop if it is to operate at all. This is the clearest of cases, in which the N.R.A. deserves unanimous support. The only trouble is that the N.R.A. itself, by its weakness in handling this and other similar cases, has frittered away a good deal of the backing to which it was entitled. It should have acted firmly, decisively and promptly. If it question of the outcome. The law provides ample punishment for offenders, and ample means of taking legal action against them. An overwhelming public opinion was ready to back the New Deal. But the N.R.A. has only taken away the Blue Eagle and has done that tardily. Meanwhile numerous other employers have defied it with impunity. Anti-union forces have had time to mobilize. The critical moment has passed; the timidity of Washington may have let the chance for victory slip. If the Harriman mills get away with their defiance, the collective-bargaining provisions of the N.R.A. will have gasped their last breath.

WITH its usual mendacity in regard to labor matters, the Iron and Steel Institute rejected the demands of the Amalgamated union by saying that the union wanted a "closed shop," when it had asked for no such thing, but only for the right to bargain for the workers. A closed union shop is a shop where non-members of the union cannot be employed. The steel employers now come out with the solemn announcement that 90 percent of the workers have voted against the independent union and do not want a strike, and many of the newspapers fall for this deception; when as a matter of fact no impartial election has been held, but only a vote of the employer-dominated company unions, and one not directly on the questions at issue. Few employees would dare to abstain from voting in such an election or would care to vote in any way displeasing to the company, so long as there exists no independent union with recognition and the power to resist the employers' discrimination.

MEANWHILE the steel mills' actions belie their words. While Frances Perkins is said to be burning midnight oil to effect a peace plan, individual employers are making constantly greater preparations for war. Hundreds of new men are being taken on daily, despite a stationary production rate. The nature of this move is made clear: it is not the old employees who are called back, and those who are on the job do not work the maximum number of hours allowed under the code. The new crews are recruited from outside the mill centers and outside union ranks. They are being trained in the more skilled jobs to provide a large "floating" group

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mented enough workers to carry on in case of a strike. At Weirton some amusing Fascist tricks have been used to support the company—amusing now, but likely to develop into something more serious. The grounds where Weirton tin workers congregated for a picnic last Saturday were sprinkled with nails, as were the walks approaching the home of William J. Long, president of the Weirton Amalgamated lodge. Six unknown men turned a skunk loose in the union hall, necessitating postponement of the regular weekly meeting. Other tactics include printed threats that "bad" foreigners will be deported, bricks hurled through the windows of stores where union men congregate and the dismissal of union men as an example and warning.

EXTREMELY sharp criticism of the new national housing law has lately come from three organizations of experts in this field. A joint statement of the Housing Study Guild, Labor Housing Conference and the Philadelphia Chapter of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians says that the new law might better be called the "Anti-Housing Act." The statement argues that the government has abandoned all real efforts to do anything substantial in the field of new housing for the poor; that its present plans are designed to bolster up the private financial interests now in control of housing; and that even this effort will fail unless the amount of money expended is enormously increased. The statement lists the chief failures of the government housing program in recent months: it refused to make available adequate funds for research, planning or experiment; it never grappled with the problem of exorbitant land prices; and it "yielded at every turn to the pressure of organized real-estate and financial interests who desired to render government housing as innocuous as possible." A conspicuous weakness was the insistence on linking low-cost housing with clearance of city slums, when it was well known that even in the slums, land values are too high to make possible decent new housing without direct subsidy. This report confirms the pessimistic view of the government program which has been expressed in the pages of The New Republic by Lewis Mumford and other distinguished authorities in this field. If it is true, it constitutes a terrific indictment of the good faith and competence of the Roosevelt administration in one of its most important realms of activity. In our judgment, the view expressed in the report is on the whole correct and the indictment stands.

SENTENCES ranging between six and eight months in jail were imposed on seventeen men and women who took part in an anti-Nazi demonstration in Boston on May 17. Judge Sullivan, the police magistrate who sentenced them, relied entirely on the testimony of two police officials—testimony contradicted by several responsible observers van was careful to exclude from the record. The facts of the matter were that the demonstrators—a number of Harvard and M.I.T. students among them—had assembled quite legally in an empty lot and had there been attacked and beaten by the police. It happened that, although there was no delay at all in getting them sentenced, as soon as Judge Sullivan had spoken, the wheels of the law began to creak; postponement after postponement was asked by the state and cheerfully granted by a lenient court. At last the appeal was scheduled to come up in July. Oddly, the defense witnesses are mostly teachers and students at Harvard. Most of them will be far away from Boston when the learned justices of the Superior Court are going to be asked to decide that the testimony of two eminent police officials is as near the border of perjury as it is possible to come. Since the state has deliberately delayed the case for six weeks, it ought now to go over till the fall, when the necessary witnesses will be back. Unprovoked police brutality is vicious enough. The rigging of the judicial processes of a state is much worse. Massachusetts has seemed unpleasantly experienced in that.

RECENT events in southern Illinois reveal an alarming increase in the use of intimidation and violence by peace officers in suppressing free speech. Norman Thomas was recently arrested and his audience dispersed with tear gas at Taylorville while he was speaking on behalf of the candidacy of a fellow Socialist. At Hillsboro eleven members of the Unemployed Council are in jail because they attempted to hold meetings protesting food lists issued by the State Relief Commission prescribing certain foods that the unemployed might buy with relief orders. A. J. Muste, chairman of the American Workers' party, has been held for the St. Clair County grand jury on charges of "conspiring to overthrow the government." Muste was talking to pickets at the Knapp-Monarch electrical-supply plant; a pamphlet advocating a change in the social order with government ownership of industry, to be brought about by the economic and political power of the workers, was found in his possession. Officers who arrested him admitted that they didn't know there was a Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution and stated that anyway they thought the Constitution should be suspended in a case of this kind. The charges of plotting to overthrow the government in both Muste's case and that of the unemployed leaders are mere technicalities; in fact, State's Attorney Hall stated at Hillsboro that the real reason for the arrests was to "show the radicals in this county that we have such a thing as law and order." Meanwhile, the eleven unemployed leaders remain in jail, and Muste is free on $2,500 bond.

THE American Civil Liberties Union is testing the right of peaceful picketing in Jersey City where a strike is in progress at the Miller Parlor Furniture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contract with the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union to move into Mayor Frank M. Hague's open-shop stronghold, presumably on the promise of protection against collective bargaining. Four other factories in the same industry have crossed the river since the first of the year in what is said to be an exodus of Brooklyn furniture firms to Jersey City. The right to picket peacefully has been upheld by the New Jersey Supreme Court, yet pickets and representatives of the Civil Liberties Union have been arrested and jailed in complete disregard of their rights. A member of The New Republic's staff, acting as an observer, witnessed the arrest of two of the pickets, Miss Lillian Sandry and Miss Mae Singer, and later testified in their defense. The justice handed out in this case was precisely the class justice the Communists picture. The factory owner swore to a collection of utter falsehoods. The arresting detective said he saw a crowd of one hundred, where there were in reality only several children from the neighborhood and two mothers with their babies. Judge McGovern sentenced the young women to thirty days in jail, on the trumped-up charge of interfering with and obstructing passers-by. Mr. Alfred M. Bingham, editor of Common Sense, who submitted to arrest in the same action, will be defended in court by Arthur Garfield Hays, but it is a virtual certainty that he will be convicted and sentenced. His case, along with the others, will then be appealed to the New Jersey Court of Common Pleas, where it is hoped the Civil Liberties Union may win another of its important victories.

THE decision has now been made in the prize contest conducted by The New Republic for the best poem dealing with the Reichstag Fire Trial. The prize goes to Robert Gessner, of New York City, for his poem entitled "Cross of Flame." It will be published in The New Republic next week. Mr. Gessner is the author of "Upsurge," a book of revolutionary poetry published last December. He has also written a book about the mistreatment of the American Indian, entitled "Massacre," and a motion picture based on it, as well as a novel of Indian life, "Broken Arrow." Two other poems submitted in the contest have been purchased for publication, and will appear in the near future. They are the work of Helen Wolfert, of New York City, and R. W. Wiley, who submitted his work from Florence, Italy, but gives evidence of close familiarity with life in Los Angeles, California. The judges wish to give honorable mention also to poems by Isidor Schneider and George Salvatore, both of New York City, and Stephen Spender, of London, England, as well as to a second poem submitted by Mr. Wiley.

MORE than 140 poets entered the contest, many of them offering two or more poems each, as they were permitted to do by the rules. The quality of the average contribution was high, showing that the themselves deserve to be taken seriously. About four percent of the poems were written from a pro-Nazi point of view and a few showed a strange anarchistic glorification of van der Lubbe, although as was perhaps to be expected, most of those that were centered around an individual chose Dimitroff.

Why More Battleships?

FOR A long time it has been evident that there was very little chance for a successful outcome to the conference on limitation of naval armament scheduled to be held in 1935—if, indeed, that conference takes place at all. Recent events have made the dark picture blacker still. Japan has announced that she must have complete equality with the United States and Great Britain, instead of a fleet 60 percent as large as either of those powers, which she is permitted under existing treaties. She also says that no "political question" dealing with the Asiatic mainland can be discussed at the conference —to which President Roosevelt replies that the United States absolutely refuses to begin any discussion on these terms.

Now come the British with a statement that they are determined to return to the demands they put forward at the abortive Geneva conference of 1927. They want a total fleet substantially larger than is permitted by existing agreements, they want twenty additional cruisers, and an increased proportion of light cruisers which can operate only at a comparatively limited distance from a naval base. This is an old dispute between British and American naval officers: the British have many bases scattered throughout the world, and can therefore use to advantage a larger number of smaller ships. The Americans, with fewer bases, want a smaller number of bigger vessels. Despite the boastings of Mr. William B. Shearer, it was this dispute, more than anything else, that caused the disastrous failure of the 1927 conference.

The United States has not yet indicated any desire to increase its total naval tonnage. Indeed, President Roosevelt has twice publicly offered to reduce America's strength to any amount whatever upon which the other powers can agree. At the same time, it must be recalled that within the limits of existing treaties he has embarked upon a tremendous building program—a program for which there seems no possible justification either on military grounds or any other. The new ships authorized by Congress (without appropriations as yet) will cost from $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000; we shall soon be spending on the current expenses of our navy about $500,000,000 annually.

Why are Japan and Great Britain thus preparing to sink additional billions in naval equipment in spite of a financial position which is still desperate in Japan and is only very moderately improved in the case of Great Britain? The reasons which militar-

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plicated, but it is clear that the predominant motive in both cases is the Far Eastern situation and particularly Japan's purpose to control all of Asia. In the case of the Japanese, they have openly admitted this. They need a fleet equal to that of the United States or Great Britain, they say, because of recent developments in Asia, including Manchukuo. But neither China nor Russia has a fleet; so Japan's potential enemy must be Great Britain or the United States. It has often been pointed out that the United States could not possibly operate effectively across the Pacific, and that Japan does not have us in mind is shown by the fact that she wishes to put her new tonnage not into battleships of the line, which might conceivably be used against us, but into cruisers, destroyers and submarines which can only operate in Far Eastern waters—and only against Britain.

As for the British, they have openly admitted that their new naval program is based on the Orient. While they may also be thinking of a general European war, and of the necessity in that case for policing the seas of the world, their main concern is stated to be India, Hongkong, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand. To be sure, the present British government, like so many of its predecessors, is unable to make up its mind wholly to one policy or another. It would not join the American protest against Japanese policy in Asia at a time when combined action might possibly have had some effect; it tacitly condoned Japan's actions, pleading that it must do so to protect Australia and particularly the very valuable Japanese-Australian trade. At the same time, it has sought to wage economic war against Japan by keeping her exports out of the British Crown Colonies; and it is preparing a naval program which the Japanese can only, and correctly, interpret as aimed against themselves.

Meanwhile, what of American naval policy? With our decision to free the Philippines we abandoned the last shreds of geographical imperialism in the Far East. We have left only our foreign trade and investments in Japan, China and other Far Eastern areas—worth, at most, about half a billion dollars annually. Even if Japan were completely successful in her schemes, she would continue a large part of this trade from reasons of self-interest. Suppose, however, that she did in fact cut off some of it—what should we do? Engage in a war which President Roosevelt himself declared, after his experience as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was certain to result in a costly stalemate? In our judgment, there are millions of Americans who believe that such a war is unmitigated folly.

If Japan and England are determined to bankrupt themselves even farther by a navy-building race, let them do so, but let us stay out of it. We have no interest in the Orient, or anywhere else, that demands that we participate in any such folly. Our present fleet is ample to protect us in any possible defensive warfare—and like every other country in the world, we have pledged ourselves, defensive warfare only. If the 1935 conference breaks down, or is not held, we shall be subjected to a flood of big-navy propaganda even worse than that of the past. We shall be told that in a world of wolves, we must not act the part of a sheep; that our homes will be endangered unless we match Great Britain and Japan, ship for ship. The proper answer to such propagandists is: Whom do you propose to fight, and where, and why? There is no answer to these questions that does not show the absolute folly of our engaging in any such international suicide pact as the British and Japanese governments now seem to want.

Will the Republicans Come Back?

THE PRINCIPAL aim of congressmen in voting to adjourn was neither to please the President and the newspapers nor to avoid the labor of more legislation, nor to escape the heat of Washington. It was to go home and prepare to get elected again. Over all considerations of national policy the fall election campaign now holds precedence—in the minds of politicians. And the great question here is whether the Republicans will be able to register the usual inroads upon the ruling majority. The mid-administration swing away from the party in power is a tradition in American political life. The President sometimes loses control of Congress entirely in the mid-term election; in any case the number of his cohorts is usually diminished. The foothold thus gained by the opposition is traditionally used to try for a more substantial advance in the next presidential election.

This time it is doubtful whether the Republicans will succeed in strengthening much their congressional delegation. Local situations and cross currents of course play a part in the outcome, but that will be less the case this year than in ordinary times. The President and the New Deal will supply the major issue. And every sign is that he is, if anything, more popular now than when he was elected. The Literary Digest polls, always accurate within a narrow margin of error, indicate this without much room for doubt. We should guess that Mr. Roosevelt's policies are approved by fewer citizens now than last spring and summer, and that many of those who now support him on the whole do so with less intensity of conviction than they did. This is particularly true of industrial workers and farmers. But the recession is from a peak considerably above that of November, 1932.

Most people voted for Roosevelt, not because they understood what he intended to do in any detail or approved it, but because they were heartily sick of Hoover and the crowd behind him. When the new President proved that he could act, and undertook a reorganization of our economic life, this negative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measures were tried and as they disappointed large sections of those whom they affected, the enthusiasm began to cool. The cooling process is still going on, and has brought the President's political ascendency back almost to the level at which he was elected. Doubtless this trend will continue throughout the summer, and it may even go far enough to provide the Republicans with insignificant gains. But most voters, when confronted with the alternative of calling back to power the crowd under whom they suffered for the four years of the last administration, will still reject it. Whatever their doubts of Roosevelt, they are scarcely ready to jump back into the fire from the frying pan.

The Republicans are doing their utmost to play upon the dissatisfactions aroused in many quarters by the administration, but their weakness is that they offer no logical alternative. Mr. Ogden Mills loudly protests against "regimentation"—an attitude which means, if it means anything, that he wants an economy automatically regulated by competition among private business concerns and by the "law of supply and demand." But he does not, apparently, favor the only method by which such an end could conceivably be attained—the breaking up of private monopoly. He thus has nothing really to offer the small business men who object to the N.R.A. Nor has he any positive action to propose in behalf of the farmers who may be uncomfortable under the N.R.A. and the A.A.A., but who remember only too well the utter inability of the preceding Republican administration to do anything effective in their behalf. And of course he still supports the protective tariff, which is an outrageous interference with the laws of supply and demand in the interest of industrial capitalism. Of course he would not attack the effort to help banks, railroads and insurance companies by government credit extended through the R.F.C. Presumably he would abandon federal aid for relief, and prevent any more extraordinary appropriations for public works. But what the common citizen would gain thereby is hard to see. In short, his program is a complete fraud.

Such hollow and illogical attempts to capitalize dissatisfaction with an existing administration by appealing to all malcontents by means of mutually inconsistent arguments are often successful in gaining office, to be sure; they are the tried and true methods of the politican adept in confusing the public mind. But they cannot succeed in this case until voters have had time to forget the record of the party that employs them, and until there are enough people actively hostile to the existing regime. That time is not yet.

Logically, Mr. Roosevelt's opponents should divide into two parties, one to the left of him and the other to the right. As far as the workers, the farmers and the unemployed are concerned, it is inconceivable that they would benefit by retreat to the Hoover line. Rather they ought to go far in advance of Roosevelt. The trouble, as far as they to his promises; either the policies he has tried are not well adapted to make them good or else he has not acted vigorously enough in the direction he has chosen. On the right there should be a small group of die-hard Tories, with large economic power, to be sure, but hopeless of long survival in a world of rapid change. This is the group whose interests the Republican party really represents. Unless it is able to fool the people who ought to oppose Mr. Roosevelt from the left, it will never again win an election.—Which is to say that it may win one, sometime.

Von Papen Shows His Hand

DESPITE Hitler's earnest efforts to minimize the affair, Franz von Papen's speech before the students at Marburg will have a serious effect on conditions in the Reich—though outside of Germany the significance of von Papen's offensive, both personal and political, has been much overestimated. It was not the courageous deed of an isolated Cabinet member, nor does it presage an early collapse of the National Socialist regime.

The Vice-Chancellor, who belongs to the wealthiest of Germany's feudal aristocracy, personifies that intimate combination of Junkerdom and modern industry which controlled the destinies of the Reich in the period before the War and again during Brüning's chancellorship. In the Hitler Cabinet it was his function to represent these interests in the government by checking any radical tendencies that might possibly be detected. To Hitler he was a valuable aid in the difficult business of keeping the divergent elements of the Third Reich in some semblance of harmony. He was both an equalizing force against the "radicals" and a connecting link with von Hindenburg, whose continued support and toleration have been more important to the Chancellor than was generally believed. And it was von Papen's further task to act as liaison officer with Rome and prevent too drastic expressions of papal displeasure. That he failed to accomplish this was not his fault.

But the vital role of this former officer of the Uhlans and ex-diplomat was his activity as Saar Commissioner. In that capacity he had to open the government's Saar campaign with a speech that no other member of the Cabinet could have delivered; he had to promise all things to all men if they would only vote to go with Germany in the plebiscite of January 13, 1935. They were then to be free to think and move as they pleased. The Jews were not to be molested and were to possess all the rights and privileges of citizens of the Reich. To cap this he had to make similar promises to the Catholics in the Saar district, at the same moment that his protests against the imprisonment of Catholic clergymen and the dissolution of Catholic youth organizations were without effect at home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smooth tongue and glib manners gloss over numerous objectionable features of the Nazi regime. Should the Saar population demand fulfilment of pledges after it has voted to cast its lot with Hitler's Germany, the Führer can always disclaim responsibility for the impossible promises: they were made by a non-comformist aristocrat.

There is not the slightest doubt that von Papen's speech was delivered at the instigation of his real constituents, the large industrialists, who are becoming more and more dissatisfied from day to day. Exports are dropping with sickening rapidity, making it more and more difficult to keep industry in operation. Only those parts of the heavy and chemical industries engaged in the manufacture of war equipment are sufficiently supplied with raw materials to continue production. The rest of industry is cracking under the weight of the government's import restrictions. Moreover, the government organs have not dared to let up on their insistence that more men be employed.

In this extremity von Papen was instructed to back up Hitler, Göring and their conservative following in the Cabinet against the less reactionary Göbbels, Röhm and Darré. One must assume that it was done without the Chancellor's knowledge and against his will. However, the intention is apparent, and von Hindenburg's congratulatory telegram, with its implication of presidential precedence over the Chancellor, will have underscored its urgency. This explains, too, Hitler's refusal to accept the Vice-Chancellor's proffered resignation and Göbbels' reception of his "indiscreet" colleague in the presence of representatives of the domestic and foreign press in the Propaganda Ministry, where the two Cabinet members ostentatiously partook of refreshments from the same table.

This campaign of the industrialists against the "Socialist" deviations of National Socialism and the assumption of power by the Labor Front—publicly discussed for the first time in von Papen's speech—is not a new departure. There has been much buying up of newspapers—the crowding out of the Sonnemann family from the Frankfurter Zeitung by the I. G. Chemical works, for instance. The warning voice of capital against "National Bolshevism" has been heard on more than one occasion.

These men know that raw-material shortage, inflation (in spite of Schacht's protestations to the contrary), food shortage, hunger and unemployment must finally undermine the Third Reich and lead to its ultimate overthrow by the working class. What easier than to play the savior now before it is too late by an appeal to the feudal aristocracy and the Reichswehr and to the increasingly disappointed middle class? The horror of Communism so assiduously cultivated by the National Socialists will now stand the industrialists in good stead, for it will force the small craftsman and artisan, whose hatred of the large industrialist is exceeded only by his fear of working-class revolution, to choose the

As usual there is a grain of truth in the noisy propaganda of the embattled Nationalists. The bankruptcy of Hitler's economic policies is forcing the government, willy nilly, to embark on a course of planned economy that is entirely at variance with its intentions. Almost eliminated from the world market, Germany has been forced to introduce a complicated system of domestic finance under which the country now operates with six different categories of marks. The world outside is to be made to believe that the Third Reich is able to stand on its own feet, is in a better position than Russia to make itself independent of the world outside by planned and controlled production. But the economy it aspires to must continue to produce equipment corporations, and cannot be used, like the mobilized economy of the Soviet Union, to finance a great independent productive apparatus. In Germany prices are rising and people are starving to support an economic system that is no longer able to meet their needs.

But though overworked socialist catchwords are being used to disguise the ineffectual attempts of the Nazi government to prop up Germany's dying capitalist system, the reality underneath the catchwords bears little resemblance to socialism itself. Nothing is more ridiculous and more dangerous than to say of the S.A. and the Nazi leadership that they are "brown outside and red within." The reaction that the self-decreed moratorium produced in Great Britain, France and the United States has buried the last hope for raw-material credits. Finance and economy are ruined. What industry fears most of all is a chain of experiments all of which are doomed to failure because they contradict every known law of industrial development and every precept of commercial practice.

The Schmitts and the Thyssens—perhaps even Hjalmar Schacht—are under no illusions. But like von Hindenburg and von Papen, they will cling to the foundering ship of state as long as possible in the hope that their influence may avert catastrophe. They are biding the time they know will have to come, and when it comes they will stand, supported by the army and the Junkers, in the vanguard of a military and industrial dictatorship.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where Is Labor Organizing?

JUST OVER a year has gone by since the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act. For labor, it has been the most challenging period in history. The apathy that weighed upon the workers in the mills, shops and mines has been displaced by a new spirit and awakened courage. Unions in a dozen industries have threatened a general strike and the picket line has become an important part of the American scene. As I write, copper miners, longshoremen and iron workers—to mention only a few of the more important—are in revolt, while strong pressure from the old-line union leadership and the government was necessary to persuade steel-mill labor to give up its plans to celebrate the first anniversary of the N.R.A. with a national stoppage.

When the American Federation of Labor began its widespread organization drive it had two arrows in its quiver which it used with great success. Workers generally felt that the unions of the A.F. of L. were the "official" unions of the N.R.A. Indeed, organizers of the United Mine Workers, for example, did not hesitate to tell the miners that John L. Lewis, head of the miners' union, "has breakfast with Franklin Roosevelt every morning and the President has asked Lewis to organize all the miners."

The Federation realized, moreover, that to approach the workers in the basic industries with the old craft organizations was to court defeat. It made the federal-union form of organization, until then a method of dealing with small local groups not covered by the jurisdiction of any national craft union, the spearhead of its drive in the mass-production fields. These federal locals, affiliated directly with the A.F. of L., were industrial in structure on a local basis, their charters covering only a particular plant or locality. It is generally admitted that it would have been utterly impossible to organize these workers with any other than this industrial-union approach. Thirteen hundred such units have been created since July, 1933, more than five times as many as the total organized during the five years beginning with 1928. They had a powerful appeal to the workers in the auto, rubber, electric-equipment, glass and many other industries. All kinds of occupations were taken in on this basis from a union of librarians in Montana to an Ohio local of tree surgeons.

The A.F. of L. drive has been amazing in its scope. "Organization of workers has been proceeding so rapidly in Ohio," says The Cleveland Citizen, organ of the labor movement of that city, "that it is physically impossible for union officials to respond to all the calls for trained men and women to process in Cleveland for some time (there are 100,000 workers in the A.F. of L. unions there) is being duplicated in Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, Dayton and other large cities. In Akron, not more than a dozen locals were functioning a year ago while today there are seventy-seven chartered locals with new applications coming in daily." In Montana, in Utah, where thirty-four new unions were organized in the first four months of 1934, in Florida, where membership has more than doubled in the past year, and in Arizona, where many federal bodies have been formed, the unions have taken the greatest strides in their history.

The Trade Union Unity League, organized by the Communist party to rival and displace the A.F. of L. as the center of American unionism, has been left far behind in the race. Even on the basis of its own figures, the T.U.U.L. has only 125,000 members, 45,000 of them in New York City. Elsewhere it exists only on the fringe of the major industries and while it has led large and militant strikes and is at present doing vigorous work with the California agricultural workers, it has been unable to strike roots anywhere.

There have always been organizations that found it impossible or undesirable to take their place within any trade-union center. Unlike the independent railroad brotherhoods, which have no basic differences from the Federation of Labor, these groups have had fundamental ideological differences. The number has greatly increased in the recent upsurge and some have attained national scope and significance. The estimate that 250,000 workers are organized on this basis is certainly not exaggerated. They vary widely in character and outlook, ranging from radical industrialism to extreme conservatism with the narrowest craft basis. Some of them are organized and controlled by racketeers while a few are masked company unions.

The picture is peculiarly confused in those industries in which unionism has made its greatest strides in the past year. In the old, established skilled crafts and trades the situation is fairly static. In other fields, however, the meshwork of new formations and structures makes an extremely involved pattern. An analysis of the situation in a number of these industries will illustrate this complexity.

Automobiles: After an initial sweep the A.F. of L. unions in the industry lost members steadily when they accepted President Roosevelt's "peace plan." The Federation succeeded in rehabilitating itself somewhat, however, by a number of strikes. Several locals which had seceded voted to reaffiliate. Although the A.F. of L. is still the leading force

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that its evasion of the real issues has only intensified the conflict. Unless it meets the challenge in a militant manner, the Mechanics' Educational Society of America, an independent organization with a splendid fighting record, may become a much greater factor in the industry than it is at present. Its low dues, the 20,000 members it already boasts in various sections of the industry and its influence among the highly skilled tool and die makers, give it a strategic position. A craft union at its inception, it has now established a production workers' department and in one plant has led a strike of these workers. The craft feeling is still strong, however, and there are some tendencies toward making the M.E.S.A. a rival of the Machinists' Union instead of consolidating with it as an industrial organization of auto workers.

Clothing: The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the A.F. of L. unions in the women's and men's clothing industries, were among the first to respond to the new opportunity. The Amalgamated invaded the strongholds of the open shop in Buffalo, St. Louis and Cleveland, beat down its defenses and today has a membership of about 120,000. Victories in many cities have made the I.L.G.W.U., with about 200,000 members, the third largest union in the Federation. The millinery trade is fairly well organized into the United Hatters', Cap and Millinery Workers' Union, a recent amalgamation of two organizations. There are some independent groups such as the fur department of the Needle Trades Workers' Industrial Union (T.U.U.L.) and the United Shoe and Leather Workers, with 70,000 members. The first of these has a following in the New York fur market considerably in excess of that of the A.F. of L. affiliate, while the independent shoe union, formed by a merger of four organizations, is the greatest single influence among the shoe workers.

Coal: In a wellnigh irresistible campaign the United Mine Workers swept the coal fields and organized many of the areas in which unionism had either totally disappeared or had never existed. Independent unionism is still a strong factor in the industry, however. The United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania is extending its influence and the Progressive Miners of Illinois, although greatly weakened by a short-sighted leadership, still constitutes a force. The National Miners' Union has influence in the Utah fields, while the Western Miners' Union, recently organized in Washington, has called strikes to compel recognition. It is probable that so long as the hated and reactionary John L. Lewis, chief of the United Mine Workers, remains in power, there will never be one united organization of the coal diggers.

Power and Electric Equipment: Although the has done some work among public-utility employees, the most promising group in the field is the Brotherhood of Utility Employees, with about a score of branches, many of them of good size and a few with actual agreements with their companies. With one exception, every known independent organization of power workers has affiliated with the B.U.E., which has been still further strengthened by a recent merger of forces with the Edison Employees' Equity Association and by the unanimous decision of a company union in New England to join its ranks. The B.U.E. is also planning extension of its activities into the gas utilities.

In the plants of General Electric, Westinghouse and the other giants of the electrical e industry, federal unions have been orga ed. A curious development was the organization last February of the Electric Industry Employees' Union. Two A.F. of L. federal locals, two independent organizations and one rebellious company union took part in the organizing conference, which adopted a constitution that "does not conflict with any other affiliation that any group may have." In a regional labor-board election held in the Lynn, Massachusetts, plant of General Electric, the E.I.E.U. entered the lists against both the company union and the A.F. of L., rolling up a vote of 2,774 to 1,513 for the company affair and 75 for the Federation. It counts its membership at approximately 20,000.

Rubber: Here the federal unions have made rapid progress and the number of organized rubber workers probably stands at around 60,000, about a third of them in the Akron, Ohio, area. Union recognition has been won in a number of places and a drive is on to entrench the local organizations strongly throughout the industry. A.F. of L. organizers have attempted to break these industrial locals up into craft divisions, attempts that have been checkmated by the determined opposition of the membership. This incredible stupidity, however, has resulted in a break in the ranks. An independent organization of rubber workers has recently been organized.

Textiles: It is almost unbelievable to hear that the United Textile Workers of America has been able to organize 130,000 workers in various sections of the industry in the past months. In the South there are said to be 300 locals organized, 74 of them in the key state of North Carolina. An important development is the movement for an autonomous wool workers' federation in the U.T.W. similiar to the federations of hosiery and silk workers already in existence. Intense dissatisfaction exists in the South with the Textile Code and with the industrial-relations board set up by that code.

This is part of the picture that the American labor movement presents today. There are other important developments. The workers in the fed-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industrial form of organization, while the chiefs of the craft unions of the A.F. of L. want to see the federal locals broken up into craft divisions. Many attempts have been made, but the determination of the mass-production workers to maintain their industrial integrity has so far defeated them.

The more the Federation leadership follows a policy of drifting, the more impossible of solution becomes the dilemma. In a number of industries these federal unions have already come together to form national industrial councils. In radio, airplane manufacturing, electrical equipment, aluminum and metal shaping, this development has either taken place or is to be expected in the near future. A recent convention in Columbus, Ohio, organized the Federation of Flat Glass Workers, with 15,000 members, an industrial union formed of federal unions in the large glass plants. A number of these groups plan to ask the A.F. of L. to grant them charters and to allow them to organize nationally on an industrial basis. When this matter really comes to a head, the Federation will finally have to decide the issue that it has been straddling so far. It will either have to grant charters to these unions—which will cut deeply into many of the craft-union jurisdictions and may even kill a few of them altogether—or it will be forced to turn down the requests and face an extensive withdrawal of mass-production workers from its ranks.

The American Federation must realize the turn of the tide. If it is to continue as the rallying center for the workers of America it must be so constructed that it may fit into the highly integrated structure of American industry. Nor is mere industrial unionism enough. Labor in the United States faces the most firmly entrenched and ruthless capitalism in the world. To meet the attacks and the unceasing attempts to uproot the organizations of the workers, the unions must be prepared to fight militantly in defense of their interests.

New currents are rising in the ranks of labor. Unauthorized strikes and revolts against established leadership are indications of the new mood of the rank and file. The old labor leadership which knew so well how to play the game of coöperation with the employer, and which was so successful in maintaining itself in the swivel chair instead of on the battle line, is bewildered by the swiftly rising tide. The old order of things they knew and relied on is being swept away. Out of the chaos of strike and picket line the new labor movement is being born.

KARL LORE.

Newswriters vs. the N.R.A.

NO DEALINGS with the National Recovery Administration have revealed more clearly how difficult it is for working people to obtain even a semblance of fairness under the N.I.R.A. than the experiences of the American Newspaper Guild. Were it not that newspaper men have unusual access to men in high authority, even their attempt to obtain the fulfilment of a promise given on December 15 by President Roosevelt and General Johnson probably would have been fruitless. Even now, it looks as though most drastic action might be necessary to make the promise effective.

The basic difficulty was exposed when it was shown that the code is an employers' instrument under which, as in many other codes, the employee has very little opportunity to obtain justice. The experience of the newspaper men suggests that in at least one department of the N.R.A. it is unlikely that the penalties of the law will be used vigorously against any powerful group or individual violating the provisions of the law. It may be worth our while to describe some of the elements in the N.R.A. machinery for regulating the newspaper industry that stamp it as an employers' weapon and shield.

In accordance with the general plan of self-discipline for American industry, the publishers were was set up to prepare a code for their industry. They balked at first, but when the code committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association got down to work, it called in Elisha Hanson, a Washington attorney, and later made him counsel for the Newspaper Code Authority.

Mr. Hanson—"once a newspaper man himself" as Washington correspondent for The Chicago Tribune—was during 1928 a member of ex-Senator Irvine L. Lenroot's law firm, which collected a fee of $20,000 to lobby for the transfer of a power-trust investigation from a Senate committee, headed by the late Thomas J. Walsh, to the Federal Trade Commission. At that time the F.T.C. was safer for the power interests.

Mr. Hanson is also counsel for H. M. Byllesby and Company, which holds a dominating minority of the stock of the giant Standard Power and Light Corporation, which in turn controls Standard Gas and Electric Company. The Byllesby Engineering and Management Corporation has notoriously mulcted operating utility companies with excessive charges, to the injury of both stockholders and consumers. A few years ago Mr. Hanson represented the Byllesby interests in an effort to grab the Great Falls power site on the Potomac River, or at least to stave off its development as a source of cheap electricity for the District of Columbia through a

LICENSED FOR INDIVIDUAL USE ONLY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who has been advising the newspaper publishers, and who is reported to have been so active that when they were unable to reach the President he carried their case to Mrs. Roosevelt at a tea party.

Under the Newspaper Code, signed by the President on February 17, the Newspaper Industrial Board was set up as a judicial body to enforce fair play between employer and employee. The chairman of this board is Harvey J. Kelly, also chairman of the A.N.P.A.'s special standing committee that deals chiefly with the newspaper craft unions.

Mr. Kelly is of the hard-bitten, knock-'em-down-and-step-on-'em school, whose zest for combat with labor organizations grew out of dealings with radicals in the old Northwest. He was once time clerk for railroad-construction and logging gangs in the lumber country. Thereafter, he operated a log-towing steamboat. He got into newspaper work through the business office. J. F. Young, business manager of The Spokane Spokesman-Review, made a reporter of him and pushed him along until he became secretary of the Pacific Northwest Newspaper Publishers' Association. In this post he fought the strike on The Seattle Post-Intelligencer in 1923, and was so successful in defeating the newsworkers' unions that he was made chairman of the A.N.P.A.'s special standing committee designed principally to hold labor in check.

After the brief and unsuccessful term of Ralph Pulitzer, former publisher of The New York World, as deputy N.R.A. administrator, the job went to George D. Buckley, vice-president of the National City Bank, who once published The Chicago Herald-Examiner, now one of the chain owned by William Randolph Hearst. The Hearst newspapers have been actively unfriendly to local newspaper guilds, in several instances discharging employees engaged in organizational activities and in one case openly defying the National Recovery Act. The Guild has now asked for the dismissal of Mr. Buckley on the ground that he is "a tool of the publishers," and "lacks the ability, judgment and temperament for a position which calls for impartial effort to compose differences and prevent conflict."

This accusation is contained in a remarkable account submitted by Robert M. Buck, regional vice-president for the national Guild in administrative charge of the Washington area. This report is so detailed, so objective and so thoroughly supports the charges that it probably will become an important document in exposing the inadequacies of N.R.A. labor-conciliating machinery. Its significance lies in its revelations of the type of set-up likely to be found in other self-regulated industries and suggests the need for further research along these lines by Congress. The following dates and incidents are culled from Mr. Buck's report:

On December 15, last, Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild, and a delegation of Roosevelt in the White House. General Johnson was present at this conference, and both the President and General Johnson gave their unconditional promise that the newswriters would be given representation upon the Newspaper Industrial Board. On April 5 General Johnson announced the appointment of this board. The typographers, pressmen, stereotypers and photo-engravers were represented —*but not the editorial workers.*

The next day Harold O. Thompson, chairman of the code committee of the Washington Guild, Dan A. de Souza, president, and Mr. Buck, then just a member of the Guild, called on General Johnson and protested that his and the President's promise to appoint a Guild representative to the board had not been kept.

"By God, I promised you fellows that," exclaimed the hearty General, "and I will keep that promise if I have to split the code wide open to do it."

But nothing happened. On April 9 Jonathan Eddy, executive secretary of the National Guild, called upon Mr. Buckley, deputy administrator in charge of the code, and was told that a representative of the Guild had not been appointed to the newspaper Industrial Board because the labor officials objected. An inquiry to the labor men on the board brought quick denials, and also showed that the publishers had fought enlarging the board, because they feared the appointment of an editorial representative.

On April 17 Mr. Buckley gave out an interview in which he said he was preparing a separate eight-man board for the newswriters, and added: "The code is a publishers' code drawn for them, and not a reporters' code." But the newswriters did not believe Mr. Buckley's scheme was entirely disingenuous, and called again on General Johnson. Major George Berry, president of the International Pressmen's Union, who had exposed Mr. Buckley's fabrications, happened to attend that conference, and supported the objections to the Guild being sidetracked with a separate board. General Johnson again renewed his promise, and declared he would make good.

On April 27 General Johnson told Guild representatives that he had forgotten his discussion with them ten days previously, but when reminded that Major Berry had been present when his promise was renewed, he called the Major, then in Tennessee, by long-distance telephone to refresh his memory.

He also explained he had been advised he could not enlarge the Newspaper Industrial Board, because the code was an "assent one," in which the publishers would have to agree to any changes. To solve this problem he called in Blackwell Smith, second in authority in the N.R.A. legal division. Mr. Smith said: "All you have to do is to issue an executive order and give anyone ten days to

LICENSED TO GNZ.ORG
REDISTRIBUTION/REPUBLICATION PROHIBITED

The order was not forthcoming, however, and when Mr. Buckley persisted with his plan for an eight-man board for the newswriters—a scheme believed to have been designed by the publishers—Mr. Eddy wired General Johnson again on May 2, saying in part:

> Reminding you of Friday's interview with us, 10,000 American newswriters are stacking you and the President against the subtleties of Elisha Hanson. General, we have put faith in you, but has not the N.R.A. stalled us to a fare-you-well?

On May 14 Donald Richberg, head of the N.R.A. legal division, told Mr. Buck that since the code was an assent code, even President Roosevelt could not change it by executive order. Mr. Buckley said four days later that before the code could be changed an order would have to go to the 1,400 publishers who signed the code.

As it happened, on the previous day Mr. Eddy had gone to Washington, and together with Ernest K. Lindley, Washington correspondent for a very conservative newspaper, had succeeded in seeing the President again. These persistent representatives of the Guild, who had resources not available to the average working man, had again brought assurances from the President that they would be given representation on the board. Stephen Early, the President's secretary, talked with General Johnson about it over the phone. Hence, when informed of what Mr. Buckley and Mr. Richberg had said, Mr. Eddy addressed a letter to Mr. Early. In it he said:

> I submit that Mr. Buckley, in his latest maneuver, shows more respect for the devious devices of the publishers' lawyer than he does for an executive order of the President of the United States, who, six months ago, made a simple promise that was taken in simple good faith by the newspaper men of this country.

On May 25 Buckley said a proposed order for a ten-man board had been submitted to the publishers, but later in the day said it would be submitted. On May 28 it still had not been issued. Mr. Eddy again stepped in and made inquiry.

On the following day the N.R.A. issued a press release in which it was stated that: "Conferences were held between Donald Richberg, general counsel of the N.R.A., and Elisha Hanson, attorney for the code authority, as a result of which a form of order to be approved by the N.R.A. was agreed upon." Why Mr. Hanson should have been consulted was not explained.

This was on the threshold of the national convention of the Guild, which was to open in St. Paul on June 5. One day before the convention began Mr. Eddy was informed by telegraph by General Johnson that he had been appointed to the Newspaper Industrial Board.

On June 11, however, after the convention adjourned, Mr. Hanson's code committee met in New York and voted by a majority of the association not to consent to enlarge the board.

That is where the matter stands today. The publishers assert that the order of General Johnson enlarging the board and appointing Mr. Eddy is illegal, and are determined to fight that action. The problem is clear cut—has the President of the United States the right to amend an assent code by executive order? Will the fulfilment of his promise to the newspaper men be nullified because his N.R.A. administrator forgot to keep it when the board was named? It now looks as though the President's only recourse is to exert unusual pressure directly upon the publishers—perhaps even to impose an entirely new and more equitable code upon them.

This experience on the part of the Newspaper Guild, added to difficulties experienced by other crafts, makes it quite clear that the administrative officials of the N.R.A. are not deeply concerned with seeing justice done to employees. Even with the promise of the President of the United States to sustain its hopes, the American Newspaper Guild still faces a fight to hold its place on the board.

It is, of course, conceivable that a man who, unlike General Johnson, remembers his promises, might be found to take his place, and that a deputy administrator less unfriendly to labor and less pliant to the publishers than the vice-president of the National City Bank of New York might be named as deputy administrator. It is also not entirely impossible that a strike-breaking chairman of the board to adjust labor controversies could be eliminated.

Perhaps men of perfect judicial temperament could be found to fill their positions, but this would be a long chance, only to be determined through trial by fire. Few men with broad interests can remain entirely neutral today. Almost everyone is being pushed by events to side either with the privileged or the underprivileged.

Self-regulation of industry, in this instance, has been exposed as regulation strictly in the interests of employers only. That raises the question whether worker control of the N.R.A. would not be more to the interest of the public, the majority of whom, after all, are employees. There is no question that the American Newspaper Guild would be more diligent than the publishers in getting into the newspapers the truth about what is going on. Such an experiment in the newspaper industry might open the way for successful worker leadership in other industries.

If the President's various declarations were enforced, every official of the N.R.A. who proved himself to be a tool of "the money changers" could be cleaned out overnight. Such men have deported themselves very much like incipient fascists. Given a little more opportunity to regulate themselves, such as they now request, and they might forget the Constitution as easily as their promises.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mirror of Nazi Marvels

In The New Republic of April 25, 1934, we published a collection of quotations from the German Nazis, made by John Gunther, Vienna correspondent of The Chicago Daily News. The further compilation of quotations given below is taken from a book compiled by Celia Strachey and John Gustav Werner. Covici, Friede will publish the full compilation in September.—THE EDITORS.

The German has not the slightest notion how a people must be misled if the adherence of the masses is sought.—*Hitler, "Mein Kampf." (Deleted in the twelfth edition and all others published since 1932.)*

The greatest achievements in the intellectual world have never been accomplished by race-foreign elements, but by strictly Aryan and German intellectuals.—*Hitler, to representatives of the Medical Association, The London Times, April 17, 1933.*

Race—race purity—is the slogan of the League for the Breeding and Protection of Cats. The cat-grandmother of the long-haired cats must be a Persian or German long-haired cat. The long-haired cat is of German origin. The German cat-grandmother is always the ideal. The German standard for the judging of cats, as drawn up by the League, is recognized in the whole of Central Europe. The motto of the League is: "Through selective breeding to the defense of the cat."—*Blick in die Zeit. Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, February 3, 1934.*

The measures of the Hitler government are effective in every respect. Even its policy to increase the population is already successful. The report for the second quarter of 1933 for Württemberg already shows a surprising and extraordinary increase in the surplus of the birth rate.—*Völkischer Beobachter, September 6, 1933.*

[Hitler was appointed Chancellor, January 31, 1933.]

It is the task of the Students' Corporations to see that dueling takes the first place in the students' activities. It has under all circumstances to come before the club life and meetings.—*Berliner Börsen Zeitung, December 13, 1933.*

Finance shall exist for the benefit of the State; the financial magnate shall not form a state within the State. This principle involves a seismic change. It concerns the practical measures which will have to be taken to break the thraldom of interest—the nationalization of finance, control of the system of credit and the banking system.—*The Program* Secretary of State Feder has found a most happy formulation in the phrase: "Nationalizing the banks." By this of course he does not mean nationalization or socialization of the banks.—*Deutsche Bergwerks Zeitung, December 1, 1933.*

A true National Socialist can never do anything fundamentally wrong—that is what our Leader told me a few days ago.—*Dr. Ley, leader of the German Labor Front. Der Deutsche, November 22, 1933.*

Our socialism, as we understand it, is one of the best legacies of Old Prussia. It is the legacy of the Prussian army, of Prussian officialdom. It is that kind of socialism which enabled Frederick the Great and his Grenadiers to carry on a war for seven years.—*Dr. Göbbels. Berliner Börsen Zeitung, December 15, 1933.*

It is a lie when the Social Democratic party asserts that Hitler is going to smash the trade unions.—*Nazi Election Leaflet, No. 33, Hamburg, 1932.*

Storm troops occupy all trade-union buildings: fifty trade-union leaders arrested: the second stage of the National Socialist Revolution.—*Headlines in Völkischer Beobachter, May 3, 1933.*

The machine and the place of work belong to the worker as much as to the employer, who has a legal title to them.—*Dr. Ley, National Socialist News Service, January 12, 1934.*

Our corporate organization will as its first work restore absolute leadership to the natural leader of a factory, that is, the employer, and will at the same time place full responsibility on him. . . . Only the employer can decide.—*Dr. Ley on June 10, 1933: "Fundamental Ideas on Corporate Organization and the German Labor Front."*

Unfortunately the Works Councils have until now often represented only the one-sided interests of the workers, contrary to the regulations of the law concerning Works Councils. This was because the workers and the office employees only were represented in them. In future the employer, the bearer of the economic risk, will be the deciding factor in the Works Councils in compliance with the Leader principle.—*Deutsche Bergwerks Zeitung, December 10, 1933.*

Frenchmen are not human beings and must under no circumstances be dealt with as such. If a German nevertheless lowers himself to treat a Frenchman humanly, he is only doing it in order not to come down to the level of the French.—*Pforzheimer*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The German government will never tolerate the persecution of a person just because he is a Jew.—*Göring, March 26, 1933.*

(The Official National-Socialist Organ of Mannheim, Hakenkreuzbanner, published on August 28, 1933, a whole page of addresses and photographs of "Jew Sweethearts," i.e., of Aryan girls accused of associating with Jews. The paper demands the sterilization of such girls.)

For some years a certain Alma Krieger [address follows] has been associating with the Jew, Stern, formerly of the firm of Stern Brothers. It would be better for her if she would go to Palestine before sterilization is applied in her case as well.

Under the photographs of two "Jew wenches" the same paper writes:

They will be amongst those who will be made sterile through the Sterilization Act and will thus become valueless altogether. Let them perish in their disgrace. Nobody will care.

To all those whom it may concern! Let them be warned for the last time: The next time a girl of Aryan blood is caught with a Jew she may have her hair shaved off and be publicly exhibited in the main street. Young Jewish gents are advised to satisfy their lust in future with the little Rebeccas of their own race, otherwise the people may take a bitter revenge one day.

How high Horst Wessel towers over that Jesus of Nazareth. That Jesus who pleaded that the bitter cup should be taken from him. How unattainably high all Horst Wessels stand above this Jesus.—*Der Brunnen-Düsseldorf, January 2, 1934.*

The Old Testament is a book for cattle drivers and procurers.—*Dr. Krause, Frankfurter Zeitung, November 24, 1933.*

We believe that the resurrection of our Fatherland reveals the work of God and that in His terrible sufferings the crucified Jesus has come to us and that the promise of salvation is Germany's task and wonderful mission to the world. We see the revelation of God not terminated in olden times but we see God alive amongst us and in our Leader Adolf Hitler his instrument in our days.—*Thuringische Staatszeitung, November 25, 1933.*

We are not and do not want to be the land of Goethe and Einstein. Not on any account.—*Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, May 7, 1933.*

We demand land reform suitable to our national requirements, passing of a law for confiscation with compensation of land for communal purposes, abolition of interest on land loans and prevention of all speculation in land.—*The Program, Point 17.*

Land settlement as practised by the National Socialists has nothing in common with the Marxist methods of proletarianizing the country population. In full unanimity with the Chancellor [illegible] be touched, no matter how big, if it is economically healthy and able to maintain itself with its own strength.

But even indebted big estates will not be touched. If they do not offer themselves voluntarily for peasant settlement, they will be left alone, in full recognition of the principle of private enterprise.—*Darré (Minister of Agriculture) to Graf Reischach, Editor-in-Chief of the Zeitungsdienst, Vossiche Zeitung, July 19, 1933.*

At the time of the Inquisition numerous baptized Jews became Christian priests in order to turn the Church into an instrument of the Hebrew League. . . . This explains why most of those people who were horribly tortured and burned alive were almost without exception of the most beautiful Aryan type. Thus the extermination of the best sections of the German people could take place without arousing any suspicion. Altogether, the loss of the best human material of Aryan race as a result of witch and heretic trials is estimated at nine to ten million people. The Hebrew League could not have conceived a better or more terrible way of exterminating the most valuable racial sections of the German people. This unpunished, outrageous crime that has been committed against the German people and against the Aryan race cries to heaven.—*The Weekly Journal of the Aryosophs, October 8, 1933.*

The Third Reich, as we dream of it—from the Flanders coast to the Raab, from Memel to the Etsch and the Rhone—can also only be born in blood and iron.—*"Germany Prepares for War," by Professor Ewald Banse.*

The appeal to the self-shavers has had a tremendous response. These wicked people, who for years, out of sheer meanness, did the barbers out of their badly needed pennies, have now come to their senses again, have made a pile of their safety razors and burnt them, and are now lining up in long rows outside the barbershops.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The public baths are now seeing their chance. Why should the majority of the law-abiding citizens bathe at home instead of using the public baths specially built for that purpose? So the homebathers repent, sell their baths and tubs to the chemical industry, and as a result the vicinities of the public baths are now black with people trying to file in.

The restaurant proprietors are also coming forward. They have bitter complaints about those families who are still secretly cooking at home instead of coming to the restaurants, which were specially created for the purpose of feeding the people. —*Volksparole, Düsseldorf, January 7, 1934.*

Advertisement—that is the only task which may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion I am adamant. In my opinion the liberal system of criticism is altogether out of place in our time of reconstruction—like political criticism, which no longer exists. Therefore I am for the abolition of the theatrical critic altogether. The press should only be allowed to bring out a report: it should be to the point and only the positive side should be dealt with. The unsatisfactory should not be mentioned at all. What use is there in pointing out all the weaknesses?—*Dr. Nobbe, Weimar Theatre Manager, Deutsche Wochenschau, December 23, 1933.*

We demand nationalization of all businesses that up to the present have been formed into trusts.—*The Program, Point 13.*

Don't be afraid your commerce will be nationalized.—*Gottfried Feder, to Hamburg business men, New York Times, December 17, 1933.*

The German Revolution will become the revolution of Europe. The world will become National Socialist much quicker than it became democratic. The world conception of National Socialism will have conquered Europe in less than a decade.—*August Winnig, Berliner Börsen Zeitung, February 3, 1934.*

We know where we began, but only God knows where we will one day end.—*Dr. Göbbels in "Im Spiegel von Freund und Feind," National Socialist Book Series, No. 4.*

CELIA STRACHEY AND JOHN GUSTAV WERNER.

Who Will Buy My Lavender?

FROM FIVE until seven, to meet a so-and-so or a son of a so-and-so. Why doesn't the invitation read from five until all the liquor that can be provided by the host is consumed, which is usually nine-thirty? These literary cocktail parties are gatherings that can be compared to the thieves' market of London or our own Stock Exchange. They are wholly for the buying or selling of wares.

Both Members of the Same Club.—The correct dress for the man is a gray, pin-striped flannel or a blue-serge suit, a blue shirt. Clasping his collar to keep his tie from slipping is a safety pin redesigned on stream lines. All this makes him look a little stuffed and you wonder if his Adam's apple isn't calloused by its efforts to slide above his collar. One, a little more extreme or newer at the game, is wearing morning clothes. He feels he must look as if he had been spending the afternoon autographing his latest masterpiece in a smart suburb in "Yee Oldee Bookee Nookee Shoppee," kept by twoee dearee oldee ladies in reduced circumstances, but one of them had been a friend of his Aunt Minnie's in Oshkosh, so he must be kind to them. Or perhaps he has been lecturing at a Woman's Club and remarks that "I said this afternoon to Mrs. DeBedstead of Old Brownbitch, Connecticut—I said, "Blah! Blah! Blah!" and she said, "Blah? Blah? Blah?" Perhaps he has even been to a well known department store where he has read his book, up to page 29, aloud to several hundred bewildered, tired, frustrated shoppers and, closing the book with a snap, has said very importantly, "Anyone wishing to follow the affairs of my character may do so by paying $3.50 for the book." Then he has smiled his most enchanting smile and has said "the first fifty copies sold will be autographed."

If you are a woman author you should look as if you had dressed for a conference with your publisher or literary agent. A smart little *tailleur,* very severe but relieved with enough silver fox draped around your neck to make a parka for Primo Carnera. Enough perfume to deodorize the R.K.O. Building. You are primarily a business woman who writes about life. Your sex just creeps out, overshadowing all unconsciously but with obvious knowledge of how to judge what vintage a hotel is by its plumbing. Just a suggestion of the aroma of a ceiling-student with the modesty of the Pulitzer fountain *vis à vis* the General Sherman memorial. Sublety is the best policy.

These are the two clever young successful writers of today. They give you the feeling that one Pouf!—like a dandelion that is about to seed—Pouf!—and a rather coarsened stalk will remain, usually nurtured by the Super Pyramid Film Corporation, which has developed more literary mummies for its catacombs than any two advertising firms.

Vintage 1894.—Then there is the man who when young was a radical and had worn long hair, which is now creeping down from off the top of his head and is worn in a reversed bang draped from ear to ear and fringing over his collar. This gives him the benevolent look of a granite statue in a lost square or triangle that no one ever sees unless the car is marooned in a snowdrift or has a blow-out. He is wandering from group to group, a little like a beagle hound hunting for its favorite scent, for so few people care to listen to the story of Henry George—or is it Henry James? He inevitably takes up his stand for his favorite discussion with the female writer of sagas about little girls in boarding school that are so obscure with whimsy that they would confuse Freud—but not publishers. The [illegible] all three husbands' names and has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never given birth to progeny. She knows all that is pre-adolescent, but you have the feeling she has never reached the age of comprehending all a young girl should know. She wears her hair, heavily hennaed, in curls, children's strapped low-heeled slippers over wool stockings. Her merry-widow picture hat has a single rose that has been rouged as often as her cheeks; her cheeks reveal deposits of heavy powder that are really not enough to fill the cracks and creases of her wrinkles. She also has an aura of strong sandalwood perfumery, sandalwood and the word perfumery being synonymous to her. She is likely to answer the question, What do you think of Roosevelt's monetary policy, with a barrage of baby talk, quoting Sistie and Buzzie. She is grateful and relieved when the old radical wanders towards her, and will continue a conversation started at least forty years ago about Henry George—or is it Henry James?

Score: Marx 1, Eros 10.—They look right through, with superiority and hauteur, the young disciple of Marxist literature, who is very near-sighted, wears thick glasses, leans heavily upon the mantel shelf if there is one—and there always is—hogging the fireplace, running his hand through his thick unkempt hair as he guzzles cocktails. The pockets of his unpressed Harris Tweed are bulging with Propaganda. Invariably he has captured the only sweet young thing in the room, and his conversation becomes more involved and abstract. As people wander off, not knowing if the room is hot or the cocktails strong, he is soon left alone with his sweet young thing.

As a rule she is a visiting freshman, in town for a week-end and thumbing her nose at her Alma Mater. She is wondering, "What line shall I give him? Shall I admit the facts of life or should he tell me? Shall I be Virgin or Soviet?" And she finds herself gazing in the Victorian mirror over the marble fireplace (which she is now sharing with him) at her slick pomaded hair with a few little sausage curls snuggling close to the hair-line at the back of her neck, her round, teed-up little breasts, her iridescent black-satin cocktail frock molded over her plump little rump, the high light on her little cozy umbilical. She sees his eagerness to talk and weigh all questions, so she decides to go Virgin. In passing by, you hear her saying, "I should be thrilled to see your new manuscript; your apartment is just off Union Square?—How divine! It is so wonderful to find a person who can tell me so much that I want to know."

Daughter of Lesbos.—Her homespun suit is perfectly tailored, a pique cord outlining the neckline over her flat chest and accenting her broad shoulders, her Fedora hat with a wee gray and brown feather from the breast of a grouse she had picked up while shooting in Scotland, for after salmon fishing she had stayed at Lady S——'s shooting box. She wears flat-heeled, hand-sewn brogans, knitted wool hose, and carries a cigarette holder, rather gracefully used. Her only jewelry is a green jade intaglio crest ring, Lady S——'s crest, and a monocle. As a rule with her is a pale, thin, embryo actress with fluffy hair. It may be reddish, it may be gold. A little pinched around her nose and mouth. Great green, jealous, smoldering eyes. She is unhappy until the sweet young thing leaves with perhaps Comrade Stalin's weakest support. After that she rattles her bracelets and is quite gay with her hysterical twittering little laugh.

Paging Mr. Shakespeare.—Glancing across the room through a great cloud of smoke, you are able to discern a lone figure, sitting before a large, conservative tea service. No, she is not alone, for perhaps a shy, modest and sincere writer has wandered into this party unnoticed and has taken refuge by asking for a cup of tea and talking gardens with her, with her who has been chosen for her decorative quality rather than her brains. She is not conscious of the honor bestowed upon her, for she is frankly bored by her unknown and would-be savior and hates pouring tea. Why the hell doesn't someone bring her a drink? If she could only go into the cocktail room. Why did this fool have to talk flowers? Her joke about spitunias and salivas hadn't gone over at all—no sense of humor. What a bore. Someone had said a Nobel prize-winner, or was it a Pulitzer prize-winner, was to be there. Wish she could get a stab at him. She bet she could get him to fall for her. Was her face red when she discovered her companion of the afternoon was the prize-winner. That was the trouble with America (she had spent four months in England), all the people who did things were so ordinary—they all looked like a lot of farmers.

One, Two, Three, Kick!—Ta-da-tara! Enter our column critics like a block of soft-shoe dancers. They have the similarity and unison of the Tiller girls. They divide into squads and double-time towards the representatives of their favorite publishers. They keep redividing until publishers, agents and authors are salaamed and appeased. They pick up all the *bons mots* of the afternoon and find they have gathered rather dull copy for some time to come. They fall in, squads right, and to the shades of Chauve Souris and "The March of the Wooden Soldiers," exeunt. Every one breathes a little more freely. Too bad the impression is limited to such a small group. If someone could only tell them why.

Of course these conventions are always supplemented by Narcissus and his complimentary reflections, wives of the literati, friends, adorers, editors, agents, dozens of shy poets, publishers young and old, and those who are simply dying to meet. So this great O.E.F., or Organization of Ego Feeders, is what makes the parties a success. Everyone leaves as soon as the liquor gives out. Everyone is rather tight. You have not seen the person the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party was given for; you have no idea what he or she was like; you recall this next morning at breakfast. But, talking to a colleague at lunch, you confess to a charming *tête à tête,* very intimate, and at dinner, to several more colleagues and a literary agent thrown in and agog for an idea, you confide you are about to collaborate with yesterday's guest of honor.

ISOBEL STROTHER WALKER.

Back to the Midwife?

CAN American women be induced to go back to midwives? Is it at all likely, that having become used to the comparative comfort and the decency of a hospital delivery room, they will return to home confinements at the hands of the local *sage femme?* And would it be in their best interest even if they could be persuaded to do anything so improbable?

The last question has, believe it or not, been the subject of heated exchanges at recent meetings of the New York Academy of Medicine and the New York Obstetrical Society. The midwife, according to the best estimates, now attends 10 to 12 percent, at most, of the country's births, and the number is steadily decreasing. In spite of this, it is now proposed to license her, supervise her, teach her asepsis and when to call in a doctor—and then encourage her to enlarge her practice. This modernized midwife, it is suggested, is to take over more and more of the normal births—not only in rural districts where the population cannot reach a doctor, which is a different matter, but even in cities, even among the educated classes.

This surprising recommendation was made in the much discussed report on maternal deaths in New York City, published by a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine. The committee made much of the fact that doctors were found responsible in 61.8 percent of the preventable maternal deaths, midwives in only 2.2 percent. (The patients were at fault the rest of the time.) The delicate balance of fact and opinion which this statement represents has not met with agreement in the New York Obstetrical Society. That group points out that midwives attended only a small number of uncomplicated cases; also that responsibility was ascribed to the physician in 47 percent of the deaths occurring among patients attended by a physician, while the midwife was responsible for 60.4 percent of the deaths among women attended by a midwife.

However, let us leave the doctors to their game of hurling statistics, especially since the statistics prove nothing anyway. Certain broad considerations are visible even to the layman's naked eye. The midwife question does not stand alone. Delivery by midwives means delivery at home instead of in hospitals; it means going back to little or no New York Academy committee as part of the ideal maternity program. A distinguished member of this committee even proposed, a few years ago, that the obstetrician would do well to have a trained midwife assistant, to deliver his uncomplicated cases. He pointed out that this would not only save the doctor's time, but would guard him from the temptation of interfering with nature, either by the use of anesthesia or by operative intervention. Try to picture a home confinement—without anesthesia—in a modern apartment house, and it becomes plain that the midwife advocates either have no imagination or no sense of the grotesque.

The New York Academy of Medicine committee admits, of course, that the skilled obstetrician has his place, but seems convinced that it is limited to abnormal cases. And who is to decide when a case is abnormal? Why, the midwife. And who or what, precisely, is a midwife; what will her qualifications be under the proposed scheme? A rather naïve paragraph from the maternal-mortality report answers this question:

> It would not seem absolutely necessary that a nurse's training be a prerequisite to training as a midwife, but in order to extend the practice of employing midwives as *accoucheuses* in normal parturition, a different type of woman must be brought into the field. . . . While the only slightly educated woman with adequate training may be a capable midwife, the more educated patient will demand a different type of attendant.

The New York Obstetrical Society appeals much more to the common sense of the average person when it says that "the care of the expectant mother is too important and too technical to be entrusted to attendants without complete and adequate medical training." There is a favorite medical argument as to whether childbirth is a normal process or a pathological one. This form of intellectual exercise is amusing but not important. Childbirth may, in theory, be nature, not surgery—although the latter is often called for. But when a "normal" process is attended by loss of blood, bruising and tearing of tissues and extreme pain; when it can leave women with aching backs and internal organs wrenched from their moorings; when it can at any time go off its intricate "normal" course into disaster and death—its proper handling needs everything that surgery can give it in expertness and judgment. This view is coming to be more widely accepted among the leading men in obstetrics, and surely there is ample evidence for it in the pages of the New York Academy's own maternal-mortality report. In view of all the possible complications and dangers of nature's process, our aim should be increasingly to turn it over to well trained doctors. It certainly should never be left in the hands of a woman who, as an extreme concession to public fastidiousness, might be required to know as much as a trained nurse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Presidential Relief—The Blow of Compromise —An End to the "Yes Men"—Farley Takes No Chances

WITH THE adjournment of Congress, those close to the President noted a change in his disposition and manner. All the old buoyancy and gayety came back with a rush. Unless something happens to alter his feelings, he will go off on his vacation to Puerto Rico and Hawaii as happy as a schoolboy, completely confident that all the vast experiments upon which he has embarked are working beautifully and that all the men and women in whose hands he has placed power are wise, good and capable. Nothing in this world could be so perfect as Mr. Roosevelt, in his present exuberant condition, thinks the New Deal and all the New Dealers to be. I say this not particularly in criticism but merely to retain a sense of proportion and in order not to ignore the realities.

One reality is that the President's present confidence springs more from personal relief than from anything else. It is not inspired by any definite facts of an encouraging nature, nor by any especially promising prospect invisible heretofore. Prior to the adjournment, his state of mind was in decided contrast to the one he now so clearly enjoys. He was, in fact, perceptibly worried, and at times a petulant note crept into his voice, both during his press conferences and with other than journalistic callers. And there were things to justify the worry. He had had to compromise on a number of matters in ways he did not like, and he was unable to force the Congress to pass several measures upon which he had set his heart—notably the amendments clarifying the A.A.A. And the Frazier-Lemke Bankruptcy Farm Bill, which he did not want, was forced through at the last minute by the pestiferous Huey Long, and he is now confronted with the necessity of signing a measure of which he disapproves or resorting to a pocket veto, which will cause resentment.

But the President's worry of a few weeks ago was caused by more than these details. The new attitude taken toward him by Democratic House and Senate leaders had become a distinct shock to the presidential composure. Up to the first of June, it had been "Yes, Mr. President," or "Of course, Mr. President," or "Anything you say, Mr. President." Nowhere was there the slightest disposition to question anything he wanted. All that the leaders came to the White House for was to assure Mr. Roosevelt of their complete acquiescence in his plans, of their determination to carry them out.

In the last few weeks there has been a distinct change. Democratic Senators and certain Democratic members of the House—not Speaker Rainey or Leader Byrns—began to tell the President that they thought he was unwise to push this or that proposition, began to inform him that if he did order some measure he would not get it through, and even, in one or two instances, to say that they would not go along with him. It is interesting to note that in the face of this sort of revolt from members of his own

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he wanted what he had asked for and that at least they must try for it. On the contrary, when conferences disclosed decided differences, it was the President, not the legislators, who gave way.

I am not implying that there was any disloyalty or any diminution in the leaders' desire for his success. What did happen, however, was that toward the last they spoke out far more independently than they had before. They ceased treating him as the all-wise and all-powerful. Since this new attitude did not bring down the avenging lightning, the impression prevails among a considerable number that he is not at all the "tough baby" he proclaimed himself. There are some who are convinced that his talents lie wholly in the direction of conciliation; that he is not the fighting type. They may be right or they may be wrong; since no real test of the fighting spirit has yet been made, there is no way of knowing. Mr. Roosevelt has not yet been in a corner where he has had to fight or quit. Nevertheless, it is true that in this Congress he missed one or two chances for a fine fight on principle—chances that would have been accepted by a more militant man. Perhaps it was better politics not to fight. He might have lost, and with defeat there would have been some damage to his prestige and a weakening of his ability to force through his policies. Probably he showed wisdom in the concessions he made. But there is danger in making concessions. The more the Senators know they are possible, the stronger and more frequent become the demands for them.

The whole future of the Roosevelt administration, of course, hinges upon the fall elections. Realizing this, the full administration power will be felt in every state and every district. All idea that the Honorable Mr. Farley will step down as National Chairman so as to permit that position to be held by someone other than a member of the Cabinet, seems to have been forgotten. On the contrary, the Postmaster General's plans for the summer and early fall are predicated upon personal attention to the details of the Democratic campaign. There are certain evidences, too, that the administration has been quietly moving to get the nominations in certain states and districts for candidates particularly acceptable to the White House. It is being done quietly, because of the certainty of unfavorable public reaction if the matter were known. In the past, such a reaction has always taken place.

Fully aware of this fact from his not-too-remote experience in New York, Chairman Farley is outwardly preserving an appearance of neutrality in the primaries. This, however, does not prevent the office-holding element from knowing exactly upon whom the administration looks with favor and upon whom it does not. But the best political judges here believe that before the primaries are over this position of official neutrality will disappear and the support of the administration will become the dominant issue between Democratic candidates in a number of districts—with both candidates professing loyalty and devotion to Mr. Roosevelt, but with one of them clearly singled out as the genuine New Deal preference.

The unfortunate Republicans can be counted upon to capitalize this situation to the limit, but it is doubtful whether they can gain much thereby. The Republicans

Wholly aside from the personal popularity of the President himself and the potency of the appeal to uphold his hands, they have to overcome not only that creation of the New Deal—a political machine of unprecedented size—but the psychological effect of the pouring out of government billions, of which a vast number of voters are obtaining a direct and individual share. There is also the dominance by the administration of all the channels of publicity, particularly the air. So far as propaganda is concerned, the Democrats will have all the better of it—and they are prepared to use this advantage fully.

In the summer interval, the new administration agencies created by the Congress will get under way. The chief of these is to supervise the complicated Housing Plan, with Mr. Hopkins at the head. Then there is now in preparation an "educational campaign" in behalf of the same housing scheme, a campaign which, it is hoped, will divert public attention from the failure of the N.R.A. and the difficulties of the A.A.A. In brief, the President leaves with a feeling that the situation, so far as the fall is concerned, is satisfactory. Perhaps it is—if you do not look too far below the surface.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Social-Insurance: The "Security Wage"—Profits Should Carry What They Cost—A Matter of Right, Not Charity

THE President has announced that next winter we "may well undertake the task of furthering the security of the citizen and his family through social insurance." The President was referring to unemployment and old-age insurance. The possibility of this movement's being seriously proposed gives me an opportunity to bring forward the proposal I made some years ago for what I then named the "security wage."

There is one reassuring note in the President's message. He speaks of the federal government "having the responsibility of investing, maintaining and safeguarding" the fund. If this means anything it means that the funds of this insurance against unemployment and old age will be held, not by private industry, but by the federal government. From this there can be no deviation.

There is, however, one disquieting note in the President's statement. He speaks of raising funds for the purpose "by contribution" rather than by taxation. What does he mean by contribution? Does he mean that the employee will be called upon to pay to the government a certain percentage of his wages as the cost of this insurance? Or does he mean that the contributions will be made by the employer, or that both will contribute? Of course, if the contributions are to be made by the employee the whole economic utility of the measure will be lost.

I propose the adoption of the principle of the security wage. Under it all payments toward unemployment and old-age insurance would be made by employers, and if further sums are necessary, by the government. And all funds contributed by the government should be raised entirely by taxes levied especially to draw the moneys out of special taxes levied especially to draw the moneys out

The objective would be twofold:

First, that every unemployed man should be entitled to a wage—not a relief payment, not a dole, not a charity hand-out from the government—but a wage to which he has a right, to be paid to him without subjecting him to humiliation, to the third degree, to prying agents. He would, as a matter of right, be entitled to his wage the moment he became unemployed and for the term specified in the law. He would be entitled to it as a wage—not as a wage earned because he is idle, but as a wage earned while he was employed, due him the moment he became unemployed.

The entire contribution should be made by the employer. This is on the theory that every worker—at least so it must be in our system—gets paid less than he earns. In addition to the wage paid him each day or week, the employer shall be taxed by the government an additional sum—a percentage of the regular wage, or better still, a flat sum for every worker no matter what the wage. This sum would be paid into a general fund which would be available for unemployment-wage payments at all times, not just during periods of depression. There would be no discrimination between individuals so long as their wages or salaries were below certain fixed standards—I would say below $5,000. The $5,000 man would be entitled to his unemployment wage when his job ceased the same as the $600-a-year man. This would do away with the shameful, spying, preposterous surveillance that every unemployed man or every aged beneficiary is subjected to when a government agency pays money on social benefit.

The insurance should include every employee—whether he works for a large corporation or an individual. It would apply to the hundreds of thousands of workers in the steel industry. It would also apply to every household servant.

The old-age payment, whatever it may be, would become due as a matter of course immediately upon reaching the proper age. It would not be necessary for a man to prove that he was a pauper, that he did not have $100 in the bank to bury him, that he did not get an occasional free meal from a married daughter or do an occasional day's work for his board. The payment would be a "wage"—a wage he had earned, which had not been paid to him, but to which he would be entitled as a matter of law just as he would be entitled to an annuity in a private insurance contract.

The law should specifically prohibit the sum paid by the employer being deducted directly or indirectly by any kind of subterfuge from his salary. It is for this reason that I would make the payment a flat sum for every man employed no matter what his salary, and the sum should be assessed as a tax against the employer—so much per week for every man employed regardless of his compensation. Provision might be made for individuals providing for themselves larger annuities and larger unemployment payments, but this would be in addition to the security wage itself.

It is probable that at first, and perhaps continuously, the government would have to make large contributions toward the fund. If this should prove to be necessary it would be important that the government's contributions should be made, not out of the general tax funds but out

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large salary and income accounts that leave a margin for saving.

This must not be confused with the contributions to be made by the employer. Every employer would pay a definite fixed sum for each person working for him. In addition, if government contributions are necessary, he would pay also a special tax to be met out of his profits, and this whether he has employees or not and whether he paid contributions for employees or not. Also all persons working for large salaries—say in excess of $5,000—and all persons enjoying income payments not earned—say in excess of $3,000—would be compelled to pay a special tax to the government out of which the government contribution would be made. This tax would not be based on mere income as such, with allowances for losses of various kinds. A salary of $5,000 and over would be subject to the tax regardless of what losses the taxpayer might suffer from investments, speculations or other adventures.

To this let me add one warning. Insurance companies, corporations, men of wealth, will be busy between now and next winter (a) preparing a campaign of publicity and propaganda against the whole scheme, (b) working quietly behind the lines to bring the President over to the idea of having the whole thing committed to the tender mercies of "business," whatever that is, as in the Swope plan.

Let those who believe in real social insurance organize now: first, to prepare their case; second, to prepare a proper bill; third, to win adherents to the plan in both houses of Congress.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Profits in Imperial Valley

SIR: In Ella Winter's article, "Where Democracy Is a 'Red Plot,'" [The New Republic, June 6] describing labor conditions in Imperial Valley, California, she mentions that Simon J. Lubin, head of the California Bureau of Commerce, stated in his report that he "found several hundred lettuce-pickers who earned an average of 56 cents a day."

Perhaps it might interest some of your readers to know how much one individual at least made on a portion of this year's lettuce crop in the Imperial Valley. This man is a produce broker in Brawley, California, who performed no greater labor than sitting in a swivel chair. He himself told two reputable acquaintances of mine that he "cleaned up $40,000 on this year's lettuce crop." And the most remarkable thing about it all is that this "clean up" was made on lettuce culls (small heads) which he shipped East. From this the reader may get some idea as to the huge sum of money realized on this one crop, while those who drudge to produce it must live in squalor and get manhandled by "patriotic" citizens who toil and spin not, and yet wax wondrous fat.

Los Angeles, Calif. LEE K. STROBEL.

A Failure of the P.W.A.

SIR: In T.R.B.'s column of May 9, there appeared a statement which, in the light of what has happened in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, does not make sense. T.R.B. said, ". . . the P.W.A. is unable to spend money as scheduled. Because of the failure of states and cities to satisfy requirements, much of the allotted money is still unspent. *New ways of using it are being sought.*"

Last year the Board of Education of the city of Sioux Falls engaged our firm to prepare architectural sketches for a $600,000 high-school building. The attorneys for the board formulated a statement showing the financial condition of the district and the social need for the building, giving all the information called for in P.W.A. Circular No. 2.

Approval of the project came immediately from the state P.W.A. officials and a city bond election was held which carried by a majority of nine to one. The data were forwarded to Washington and received approval from the Legal, Engineering and Financial Departments of the National P.W.A. Authority. It was given docket number 3791, which meant that our project satisfied requirements and was in line for an appropriation. Under contract, our firm completed the plans and specifications. But no allotment or bond contract has been forthcoming from Washington, and the project is therefore dormant.

How can the P.W.A. be unable to spend the money allotted for there are over three billion dollars' worth of projects which, like the one for Sioux Falls, have been docketed for construction by the P.W.A. Authority at Washington but for which no funds have been appropriated?

ROBERT A. PERKINS,
Perkins and McWayne,
Sioux Falls, S. D. Architects and Engineers.

Japan and the Gentlemen's Agreement

SIR: A clipping from The New Republic, some months old but only now called to our attention, contains in the editor's footnote to a letter from Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York, the statement that "the Gentlemen's Agreement kept the Japanese out but saved their faces. The present law still keeps them out but has caused them profound and lasting humiliation"; and the editor, in consequence, sees no reason "why the Agreement should not be restored."

That is an impression shared by a number, and even now submitted to the President's committee of three members for consideration. It is disproved, however, by the recorded facts.

The Gentlemen's Agreement was not an authenticated document. It was a secret, lengthy and involved correspondence conducted under direction of President Theodore Roosevelt, its twofold agreed purpose being, as explained by him, (1) to exclude Japanese laborers, (2) to prevent increase of Japanese population in continental United States.

During the few remaining years of the Roosevelt administration the Agreement was apparently complied with. (See his telegram to the California Legislature, January 9, 1909.) Under his successors, commencing with Taft, the Agreement was deliberately violated by Japan in pursuance of her policy to colonize the United States, as she had violated the provisions of a similar Agreement made with Queensland in 1897. Japan sent over with her passports many thousands of laborers (so classified in ships' manifests and the Immigration Bureau reports) and followed them with thousands of picture brides, most of whom were also laborers. As a result, the Japanese population in continental United States multiplied, the annual births of Japanese in California alone increasing from 455 in 1908 to 5,275 in 1920. Officers of the Immigration Bureau sought to hold and deport violators of the Agreement, but found themselves powerless in the face of repeated decisions that the courts were without jurisdiction since the Agreement was neither law nor treaty. The several administrations between those of the two Roosevelts did not advise the public or Congress of this situation, and even gave assurance that Japan had kept and was keeping the terms of the Agreement.

LICENSED TO HNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinuous demand during the preceding four years from the Pacific Coast states and from a number of patriotic organizations, state and national, and because it was the only plan of the five proposed which would, without discrimination, force Japan to respect, as she had agreed to do, our policy of admitting no immigration from the colored races of Asia.

V. S. McClatchy, Executive Secretary,
California Joint Immigration Committee.

San Francisco, Calif.

[1. The exact legal status of the Agreement seems frankly open to confusion. The Trade and Navigation Treaty of 1911 was ratified after Ambassador Uchida had attached a rider agreeing to maintain the restrictions as they had been in force. Whether this made the Agreement part of the Treaty seems a delicate matter of international law, but we have been unable to find reference to a court decision in which the Immigration Service was thereby hampered in its attempts to exclude improperly admitted Japanese immigrants.

2. We are dubious of Mr. McClatchy's picture of the vast increase in the Japanese population under the Gentlemen's Agreement. The present population is in the neighborhood of 275,000, and in the years 1909-24 the net increase in arrivals of all classes of Japanese (less all classes of departures) totaled only some 20,000.

In view of the foregoing we do not feel that our statement in favor of the Gentlemen's Agreement (although, of course, there is no thought of reviving it) is, as Mr. McClatchy says, "disproved . . . by the recorded facts."—The Editors.]

The Plight of Librarians

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest Mr. Waldo Frank's letter on the plight of libraries [The New Republic, May 16]. The things he says are entirely true, of course, and all librarians have heard them over and over again at library conventions during the past few years. . . .

If in the past twenty or thirty years a civilized minority of people in this country have actually learned to read, it has been not alone because good books were given to them in many public libraries, take them or leave them, but because good books in contradistinction to mediocre books were pointed out to them in most libraries, and frequenters of public libraries were encouraged to read the good books first.

The librarian has not been a more important factor than the book in the spread of literateness in this country—that would naturally be impossible—but he or she has made possible the spread of literateness. And therefore I earnestly believe that the plight of librarians should be taken into consideration now by the readers to whom Mr. Frank appeals as well as the plight of public libraries themselves. Librarians have always been the most poorly paid of professional workers, and during the past three years hardly one of them has not suffered a drastic cut in his or her already pitifully small salary. Is twelve or even fifteen hundred dollars a year an adequate salary for the training implied by four years of college and at least a year of graduate library school? . . .

Ventura, Calif. Louise Davies.

Mr. Cronyn Is Not Fooling

SIR: It has always seemed to me unwise and more or less useless for author or playwright to reply to a critic. . . . Still, at times, author or playwright feels such an overwhelming sense of injustice regarding the legitimate expression of critic's opinion, that the most humble of all worms makes feeble rejoinder. Herewith does the author of "The Fool of Venus" to the review by Mr. T. S. Matthews in your issue of April 18.

Mr. Matthews in that issue has lumped six novels under the general head of "the surrender of the American novelist" to Hollywood. And he gives me second place with the phrase "authentic hollow wooden Hollyring." Even for a critic, I should esteem mittent research, the historical novel was commonly believed to be a white elephant. The "costume" play and movie were practically taboo. It was finished six months before "Anthony Adverse" appeared. It was completed largely because of the encouragement of one staunch friend who said, "Keep on." At the present moment, with some 60,000 readers of the book, there has been not the least hint from the magnates of Hollywood that the book would be acceptable as a film. Neither the publishers nor myself have had that prospect in mind as more than a remote possibility. And neither I nor they much give a damn, save as it will permit all of us to function more freely for a while.

As to the rest of Mr. Matthews' brief paragraph, there happens to be in the book no mention of "donjons" or "keeps"—which leads me to suspect that your reviewer has read little more than, possibly, the blurb, and has drawn his own conclusions. As also "Mr. Cronyn's fake drums and tramplings." There are no drums, nor any tramplings, so far as I know. And as for the "shocking imagination," it would interest me greatly to know precisely what love scenes in "The Fool of Venus" your critic has read—if any. Compared with any one of a dozen current novels, it might be pretty clear to any average reader that the love scenes in this book are remarkably restrained.

However, to be slightly statistical. This review—out of one hundred now at hand—constitutes exactly one of the four percent of minority dissenting opinions. For that I give Mr. Matthews credit.

Sunapee, N. H. George Cronyn.

The Provoking Mr. Craven

SIR: In the various reviews of Thomas Craven's much talked of "Modern Art" [reviewed in The New Republic by Suzanne La Follette, June 27], his manner is generally described as provocative. I should like to enlarge upon this aspect of Craven's writing. In the manner of a true Southerner (Anglo-Saxon, of course) he speaks of "nigger gals" and "black meat," or so-and-so, "a Jew."

Again: "Stieglitz, a Hoboken Jew without knowledge of or interest in, the historical American background, was—quite apart from the doses of purified art he had swallowed—hardly equipped for the leadership of a genuine American expression." These are credentials that the Silver Shirts and the newly formed White Legion will, undoubtedly, be quick to accept.

New York City. M. Brévannes.

Extracts from Letters

L. C. DAVIS of Portland, Oregon, writes us: "Last August a disastrous fire swept through three counties west of Portland and now only the blackened trunks remain. If this burned-over timber could be cut and sawed into lumber within the next three years it could all be salvaged. However, wood-rot and insects are harvesting it. Also just east of Portland in the foothills of the Cascades there is a considerable stand of small second-growth timber, privately owned. These young trees, about the size of telephone poles, are being sawed into ties for the Orient—sheer waste. This young timber is being destroyed while just a few miles away C.C.C. men are planting young trees."

The International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, is gathering documentary material on the history of working-class defense movements in this country. The organization is anxious to obtain such material as I.L.D. pamphlets earlier than 1931, or material of any sort prior to the organization of the I.L.D. in 1925.

Edward A. Atkinson, 152 Congress Street, Boston, Massachusetts, writes us that he is preparing a biography of his father, Edward Atkinson, the economist, and will be grateful to hear from anyone having letters or other information about his father.

The Voice, a monthly magazine to be published by the Nurses' and Hospital Workers' League, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, will campaign for the eight-hour day and other needed labor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swan and Shadow

ALWAYS with a book about the Indians in the Southwest there are two interests. One is the Indians and the country. The other is what these have done to their admirers or interpreters. "Traders to the Navajos," which I have just read on the recommendation of Mr. Frank Dobie, the author of "Coronado's Children" and "A Vacquero of the Brush Country," adds a third interest: the remarkable family of the Wetherills.

The Wetherills are by now an almost classic family in connection with this land of mesas, cliff dwellings, Basket Makers and surviving Indian life. The first of the name, B. K. Wetherill, a Quaker, went there in 1880. After his death the tradition was carried on by his son John, his grandsons and his daughter-in-law Louisa Wade Wetherill, one of the authors of this book. Their discoveries, their records, their work among the Indians, directing of explorations, and promotion of understanding between the government and the tribes, are by now familiar; the Swedish Gustave Nordenskiold, Theodore Roosevelt and many other writers have told of them. The present volume affords a continuous line of the Wetherills' history in this desert country. It is not an impressive book; it is, in fact, slightly soft in its austere prepossession, simplified though not bitingly simple. But the sterling values in the Wetherills themselves, nevertheless, emerge; they are in the long run superb, right, dependable and imaginative. We get their story from the first ranch settlement, through the trading post, the explorations and on to guest houses, guiding expeditions and tourism, all seen constantly against the background of the country and the Navajos.

Together with John Wetherill and his sons, we read of Louisa, his wife, so closely educated to the Indian spirit and language, so perfect in her relations to the Navajos that the last chief of them, Hoskinini, called her his granddaughter—on the jacket are the thumb prints of endorsement made by members of the tribe. Dogi sacod, Joh nez holonie, Kitseelie, Clissie Bedogie and many others testify of Asthon Sosi—so they call her—"that there is no other living white woman who has as complete knowledge of our people, our customs and traditions, as she, and we have full confidence that she will not say or publish anything about our people but what are facts and truth." There are numberless facts and truths about them that Mrs. Wetherill does not say or publish, numberless keen or basic observations possible to Navajo life, not all of them quite hearthside conversation and some of them stupendous and delicate in a vast, final sense. But, with all the omissions, what is included in the book has the ring of honesty and character.

On the second point, what the Indians and the Southwestern desert country do to their admirers and recorders, in general articulation, in books or, one way and another, in art, it has always puzzled me why more has not been written. Nearly everybody has seen in a drawing-room or at a Chautauqua some (one-quarter, the rest rouge) Navajo or Hopi royalty, some Princess Begoki etso, say, Little Squash Flower Daughter of Singing Spring, who has been to the University of Southern California and recites with significance a piece, or pieces, learned by a poet from an old chief—usually from four to six lines: a pinetree prayer, laughing boy, or girl's vow to dance. Cerebrally it is often a curiously bland and faked performance; emotionally it leads you sometimes to wonder what the distant original might have been when it was indigenous and true to a primitive wonder, and not yet ceded to this pregnant recitation and divine surmise.

It is really a great problem in esthetics, this translation of so different a race and its poetic art, even its proper names, into a medium for our English reading. To be simple appears to be the formula; but to be simple is a heavy task, too often confined either to the plainest common man, to the saint or to the artistic genius. The difficulty at once appears in and is illustrated by the mere matter of names. Writers in this Indian field are apt to give us Moonlight on the Corn, or Son of the Man Who Looked Like a Bunch of Rags Thrown Down; or for a place, The Spot Where the Wolf Drinks, Sunny Hot Lake, and so on. But this is at the very start misleading, or shall we say discoloring? Suppose some Navajo wrote of three New Yorkers' visit: "So they came to the hogan, Lamb Who Climbs the Rocks, Pink Good Fish and The White Face of Light Who Weaves Cloth for Men to Wear—in sum, Agnes Peters, Mr. Salmon, and Blanche Lucy Webster. Or to stick closer to English roots, He Who Gives Colors, meaning Mr. Dyer. As to the Indians, it is impossible to believe we have rendered truly any race that can shoot an arrow straight, if we make Sheep's Tail unable to mention a daisy save as the white flower against the rocks when the purple of the going-down sun paints the high sky. I cannot believe that a Navajo (primitive-poetic) speaking to his cousin Senillie Begay thinks of him as "the son of the man who looked like a bunch of rags thrown down" much more than an American (unpoetic-sophisticated) thinks of his cousin Smithson as "the son of the man who worked in iron with fire." What would happen if Greek names were thus virginally rendered — Swollen Foot killed his father, married his mother, dug out his own eyes (Oedipus). Apple, daughter of the Upright, died yesterday, sang the Singing Man.

Small as it might seem, this matter of names could be taken as the beginning of the sort of thing that makes even so staunch a book as "Traders to the Navajos" less married to the natural earth, less direct and impressive, than its place or its people. Very likely the Indian quality, which in racial tinge, rigor, imagery and artistic habit is so far from the Anglo-Saxon American, can never be expressed for us. In the first place, the Navajo country itself can be conveyed only to those who have seen it or some land of the same kind. The chants for the dying, the maiden ceremonies, the seasonal dances, such things as these have in them the first mystery, about which people outside it can for the most part only chatter, browse or remake to their own pressures. About these and many other things in Indian life, it is, I believe, good esthetics to say that if we could convey them in writing exactly enough to be understood, we should, to some degree at least, have already possessed them. With such a thought in mind, it can do no harm to take up "Traders to the Navajos" and read, for instance, of the idea that fear is strong enough to kill; or

[1] Traders to the Navajos, by Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real thing: thought has power. And to take one more example, it is as if the authors said put this in your pipe and smoke it, when they tell us that their Navajo servants, upon reaching the Gulf of California, waited until dawn to approach the water, and then, with white coverings on their heads, went down to the edge of the water with songs, bearing offerings of turquoise to the sea, their mother.

STARK YOUNG.

Mysteries and Medicals

IF THERE is any one thing that the movie people seem to have learned in the last few years, it is the art of taking some material—any material, it may be sound, it may be junky—and working it up until the final result is smooth, fast-moving, effortless. Hollywood may have to go elsewhere for its central idea. Outside of the work of such screen writers as Ben Hecht it usually prefers to. But once it has got the idea it goes ahead with cameras and gag-writers, jazz bands and (most of all) directors, and works up something totally its own, a picture. Those who take their pleasure in observing facts will trace the similarities of plot between, say, the novel and the movie, and stand forth with a report on Faithful Renditions; but the truth is that whoever started the thing in the first place, Hollywood has it now, and Hollywood speaks a different language.

Because it has a book with good dialogue and sprightly movement to lean on, "The Thin Man" leans frankly on Hammett's novel for its effects. But "The Thin Man" also makes a very neat movie of itself. From the off-center shots of the dance band to the killing on the front doorstep and the symbol of the thin man, it is full of the special touches that can come from nowhere but the studio, that really make the feet a movie walks on. Up until the time it found itself faced with the need for becoming a detective story at last, it had used the murder element only to keep up suspense and provide an excuse for all the urbane and charming business going on between Myrna Loy and William Powell on the one hand, and an assortment of thugs and police and citizens on the other. But finally there was a large dinner at which the murderer had to be pulled out of the hat, all rather heavy and slightly silly; and that, I suppose, is the price you have to pay for being a detective story. There was as well a little too much of one thing and another at times, and William Powell seems to need watching, lest he be too gay. But on the whole it was thoroughly well conceived and carried out—a strange mixture of excitement, quips and hard-boiled (but clear and touching) sentiment. It is a good movie and should not be missed.

"Men in White" is another fairly smooth picture that Metro has lifted from elsewhere. The film is less smooth, however, goes deeper, and is somewhat of a disappointment. Despite the realistic problem of an interne faced with the choice between medicine and marriage, and the trappings of up-to-the-minute hospital equipment, the actual story is pretty familiar and in spots not altogether probable. Young chap truly loves but slips once with nurse; nurse pregnant, hopes blasted, nurse dies, ushering in Understanding. But all this aside from the actual piecing together of the movie, which spared no expense to make the hospital background Woman" will need no introduction to the fact that an operating-room scene can be almost intolerable with its sharp statement of isolation and terror—the ether, the knives, the heat, the glaring lights, the ether. . . . "Men in White" does not give so much emphasis to such matters, but enough to make itself exciting. Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, nice people in any situation, didn't get very strong parts: honors for acting must go to Jean Hersholt, whose Dr. Hochberg gave the whole thing centralization and sympathy. He pulled it, that is, out of the red, because Hollywood had in this case been a bit too literal about some rather flimsy material.

There are other Mysteries and Medicals abroad, all of which are less successful, between two of which—"Murder on the Blackboard" and "Murder in Trinidad"—there are several contrasts to be drawn. The former, like "The Thin Man," makes its detective content palatable by building the detectives up as central characters and taking time out for a great deal of by-play. While this seems a more advanced method of procedure, it stumbles about a good deal here for lack of decision whether it is to be mainly genial or mainly macabre. The idea is to have a rather horsey teacher poke about with virginity and an umbrella, solving the murder of another teacher in the school while her friend the gumshoe tramps on the wrong toes in a very official way and is humorously harsh with her. ("Ree-lax, Hildegarde, ree-lax.") As a detective story the thing is only 60 percent as probable as a Herald Tribune report of a strike; there is much mumbo-jumbo in the cellar, a foolish solution and no end of completely irrelevant clue-finding and thickening of the plot. But there is this business of good-natured romping around on the part of Edna May Oliver and James Gleason, a superior (though too much overdone) sort of slapstick that is entertaining whatever you think about the corpse. "Murder in Trinidad" is the other type of thing, less concerned with gag-lines, building up a faster story, but turning for romance to a secondary and cluttery theme of young love. A ring of Trinidad smugglers, with quarters in a nearby swamp and friends in Government House, are rooted out and hunted down by a shambling oh-hum kind of fellow; and this much of it was worked out with many excitements and given likelihood by the well built character Nigel Bruce made as the detective. But so much was Not Enough, and so what must be stirred in like spoons of syrup but Heather Angel and Victor Jory, kissing and yearning and so painfully present as to spoil the whole brew.

As to the other films centering on the problems of the medical profession, there is "Once to Every Woman" (Fay Wray, Walter Connolly, Ralph Bellamy) which is rather old now, and quite fair though foolish; and "Dr. Monica," which is recent and not quite fair. Woman doctor steals man from friend, wants baby and can't have. Other lady already has baby on way, doesn't want, wants man, can't have. From which tragic state of affairs we may as well turn to the brief observation that when Entertainment is forsaken for Appeal ("You women who long for the touch of baby fingers," says the Strand Theatre program; "You men to whom a wife has cried, 'Life Owes Me a Baby!' ") there gets woven a tangle of plot that is bound to trip up the more calloused observers. Hollywood can make good pictures out of good material, but it can also make as a big a donkey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Man's Solitude

"MAN'S FATE"[1] is a novel about the Chinese revolution written by a soldier of fortune who risked his life in the revolutionary cause, and yet it is not in essence a revolutionary or even a political novel. Brutal, tender, illuminating, it ends by casting more light on our own bourgeois society than on the Chinese Communists who died to change it.

This doesn't mean that it shows political events in false perspective. Malraux is writing about two days that helped to decide the history of China. On March 21, 1927, the Communists of Shanghai declared a general strike and, acting in alliance with Chiang Kai-shek, seized control of the largest city on the Asiatic mainland. Many people then believed that all China would go Communist quickly and without much bloodshed. Chiang Kai-shek had Russian officers training his troops and Russian political advisers; the great formless mass of peasants and coolies was leavened with Communist ideas. But three weeks later, on April 11, Chiang betrayed his Communist allies, dissolved their labor unions, captured their local posts and executed all his prisoners after torturing most of them; the Communist leaders were boiled in vats of oil or thrust living into the fireboxes of locomotives. The streets of the big cities ran with blood, but the revolution continued to live in the countryside, where the peasants were beginning to organize their own soviets. Malraux not only participated in these events: he has since reflected on their political meaning and has learned to estimate the part that was played in them by personal ambitions, by foreign money, by class antagonisms. Everything he says about the Chinese revolution seems keen and convincing.

But the revolution, instead of being his principal theme, is the setting and the pretext for a novel that is, in reality, a drama of individual lives. It is true that these lives are bound together by a single emotion, but this emotion is not the desire to revolt or to achieve justice. Malraux's real theme is a feeling that most men nurse, secretly, their sense of absolute loneliness and uniqueness, their acknowledgment to themselves of inadequacy in the face of life and helplessness against death—that is what he means by *la condition humaine;* this is man's lot, his destiny, his servitude. And he has chosen to depict this emotion during a revolutionary period because it is then carried, like everything else that is human, to its pitch of highest intensity.

All of his characters, though drawn from different nations and ranks of society, are obsessed by this feeling of personal solitude. All of them try to escape from it, either through dissipation or else through establishing a bond with others at the cost of no matter what sacrifice. Thus, little Ch'en, the former student in a missionary college, escapes from his loneliness by adopting terrorism as a career; he wants to found a religion of political murder and self-immolation—finally, clutching a bomb in his hand, he hurls himself under the automobile in which he thinks Chiang Kai-shek is riding. Ferral, the banker and exploiter, tries to escape from his own sterility by dominating others, and ends by despising them only a little more than he despises himself. Clappique tries to evade his personality by playing imaginary roles; he keeps repeating that "the Baron de Clappique does not exist." May finds her escape in love, and Katov finds his in an absolute devotion to the revolutionary cause. Old Gisors, the French philosopher who used to teach at the University of Peking, has two means of avoiding himself: opium and his love for Kyo, his son by a Japanese wife; after Kyo's death, he has only opium.

As for Kyo Gisors, the hero of the novel, "his life had a meaning, and he knew what it was: to give to each of these men whom famine, at this very moment, was killing like a slow plague, the sense of his own dignity." It was through his love for human dignity that Kyo became a Communist, and through dignity, too, that he met his death. On April 11, the one man who might have saved his life was König, the German commander of Chiang Kai-shek's secret police—and König, having forfeited all respect for himself during the civil war in Russia, had learned to hate every man who was not self-seeking and a coward. When Kyo refused to betray his comrades, König ordered him to be taken to Section A, the part of the prison reserved for those who were to be burned to death.

"Man's Fate" is a novel packed tight with contradictions: one feels in it the dilemma of people ill prepared by a peaceful childhood to face one of the most brutal and cataclysmic periods in human history. It is a philosophical novel in which the philosophy is expressed in terms of violent actions. It is a novel about the East that expresses the soul rather of the West. It is a novel written sympathetically about Communists by a man whose own mentality has strong traces of Fascism (perhaps this explains why it has been so popular in Italy) and a novel about proletarian heroes in which the technique is that developed by the Symbolists of the Ivory Tower. It is a good novel too, extraordinarily rich in characters and perceptions, and yet it becomes difficult to read—the emotions are so taut that one feels the need of laying down the book, lighting a cigarette, turning on the radio, doing anything to break the intolerable tension.

But if one persists, one comes at last to a scene as tragically stirring as anything in modern literature. It is a scene that might be compared with the terrible chapter in "The Possessed" in which Kirillov is ordered to commit suicide and finally obeys, except that Malraux is describing several suicides and around them two hundred prisoners waiting for the firing squad—the whole thing is magnified to the point of intolerable melodrama, and yet is rendered true and humanly bearable by the feeling of brotherhood existing among the prisoners. . . . Katov, the old revolutionist, is lying wounded in the famous Section A, which is nothing but a half-empty space along the wall of a crowded prison yard. Beside him in the darkness lies the dead body of Kyo, who has taken the cyanide that all members of the Communist Central Committee kept hidden in their square belt buckles as a final means of escaping their tortures. Katov, too, has his cyanide and is waiting to use it. Two new prisoners, young Chinese, are brought into Section A; they have no poison and know that for them there is no possible escape from being thrown into the firebox of the locomotive whistling outside the prison (all this, I might add, is a faithful picture of what happened that night in Shanghai; Malraux doesn't exaggerate). The two

[1] Man's Fate, by André Malraux. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Young men are except [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the scene doesn't end there; if it did, one might conceivably forget it instead of lying awake to brood over it. One of the young men has been wounded in the hand; he drops both the little packages of poison; and the three of them grope in the darkness among the pebbles and bits of broken plaster that litter the prison yard, looking for death as if they were looking for diamonds. This is the picture that sticks in one's mind—this and the sense of pitiful fraternity among the three searchers, expressed in a few words whispered by one of the young Chinese when he suddenly took Katov's hand, pressed it and held it. "Even if we don't find it . . ." he said. A moment later the two boys clutched the poison and gulped it down.

Malraux is saying that here in the prison yard, the effort to escape from man's solitude and the search for a purpose by which life is dignified both found their goal. The individual dramas and the great revolutionary drama merged into each other. Here in the darkness, Katov poured himself out in "that absolute friendship, without reticence, which death alone gives"; and here among his comrades condemned to be burned alive, Kyo felt that "he was dying, like each of these men, because he had given a meaning to his life. What would have been the value of a life for which he would not have been willing to die? It is easy to die when one does not die alone."

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Road to Hitler

The Berlin Diaries: May 30, 1932-January 30, 1933, edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz. New York: William Morrow and Company. 303 pages. $2.75.

THIS EXTRAORDINARY book is said by its editor and publishers to be based upon the secret diary of a German General in the Ministry of War, supplemented by the observations of the General's intimate friends. In the language of Edgar Ansel Mowrer's foreword, "Somebody always tells. . . . This volume purports to be the true story of the betrayal of the German Republic by its chosen leaders." That it will be denounced as a forgery by the Nazis is understood. That it is the work of a man (or of men) on the inside of German politics and that it is, on the basis of internal evidence, undeniably accurate and authentic in its broad outlines, will be clear to anyone familiar with the politics of the last year of the Weimar epoch. It is an amazing document and one that is indispensable to an understanding of how and why Germany was surrendered to Hitlerism.

These revelations are cast in the form of a gossipy, day-to-day commentary on the obscure and sordid intrigues whereby self-seeking barons, dishonest industrialists and neurotic demagogues destroyed a government and sold a people into slavery. The commentator is half-liberal and half-Prussian. He is busied with secret rearmament, new poison gases, bacteriological warfare and the new *Schlieffen* plan whereby the French and Belgian border fortresses will be circumvented by an invasion through Holland in the coming "war of liberation." But he is at the same time filled with disgust at the feudal reactionaries and Nazi madmen who move around him. Here are depicted in colorful detail the gentry of the Herren Club, the contemptible von Papen, the wily Hugenberg, the scheming and treacherous Gregor Strasser, the drunken Robert Ley, the dope-fiend Göring, the spite-spitting Göbbels, the half-lunatic, half-genius, and the unwitting beneficiary of the plots and counter-plots of the landed lords and the militarists. Here are disclosed, perhaps more strikingly than ever before, the shameless cowardice and treachery of the Social Democratic leaders. And here too is a death blow at the myth of von Hindenburg. The aged President and his son Oskar are revealed with merciless clarity as tools of the East Prussian baronage, bought body and soul by the bribe of the Neudeck estate and desperately determined to suppress the Osthilfe scandal at any cost. "He delivers the whole German people to the knives of the Brown Butchers. For the sake of the 'Fatherland'? Not by a long chalk! But to save his face over the Neudeck swindle. To keep his nimbus intact. And above all, his country estate." And as for the people thus betrayed: "The German likes to have his nose rubbed in the dirt. . . . A capable sergeant with an effective bark has more attraction for our people and is better loved than Goethe and Schiller put together." In this truth is tragedy and the menace of barbarism over Europe.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Money Unmuddled

The Money Muddle. by James P. Warburg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 290 pages. $2.

JAMES P. WARBURG, the able son of an able father, has played a singularly attractive part in our monetary follies of 1933-34. Friendly to Roosevelt, with broad social sympathies and a critical appreciation of the weaknesses of our financial system, he broke with the administration after the message to the World Economic Conference of July 3, 1933. And from that time, he rapidly developed into a position of leadership in his profession. He was the only banker with sufficient political acumen and confidence in his judgment to enter the arena to do battle with the Father Coughlins, Irving Fishers, LeBlancs and other monetary doctors then riding the political tide. His letters to Senator Borah and his testimony to the House Committee regarding the new Gold Reserve Bill are reproduced in the appendices of one of the best of the many books on money that have appeared in recent months.

"The Money Muddle" begins with an able, concise statement of the fundamentals, making of its first eighty pages as good a primer as there is in the literature. But those familiar with the ABC's can skip such an introduction and plunge directly into a fascinating backstage story of the drama at Washington, London and Hyde Park. The story is largely one of catastrophic confusion and—in spite of brain-trust myths—of extremely ill considered and amateurish impulsive action. "In the end it was not the conviction that the Warren theory was right so much as the fact that Warren offered a program of action—one more suited to the immediate political necessities—that carried the day."

Mr. Warburg's discussion of debtors and creditors is fresh and keen, and a helpful chapter on "favorite fallacies" combines acute and interesting statement with argument that is impeccable from a more academic standpoint. His fear of "greenbacks," on the other hand, seems a bit traditional. Their significance in Civil War days was different from that in a modern credit economy. The peril today is not the formal issue of greenbacks but the slow transition of other media into pure fiat currency. As he himself says, there "will be depressions so long as we do not learn to check booms" [illegible] with 90 percent of our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of credit control. Compared with the anarchy of competitive credit issue by commercial banks, a few billion dollars of greenbacks would be a mere trifle. However, Mr. Warburg does stress the great significance of bank credit, and the need for recasting our banking system.

The keynote struck—"Our basic trouble is not a money trouble"—is a valuable antidote to the vicious demagoguery of the Committee for the Nation and the radio sermons from Detroit. But while our basic trouble *was* not a money trouble in March, 1933, soft doctoring since then has made it monetary as well. The inflationists whose appetites grow while eating will have to be beaten to a standstill or the middle class will be drained of its resources by the combined action of political farmers, cartelized industry, organized labor and equity gamblers. "How far are we going with Messrs. Rumely, Rand, Vanderlip, Thomas, LeBlanc and Father Coughlin? If we are in retreat before the inflationists, where do we stop retreating to dig in and fight?" Underneath the mush about "planning" and "brain trust," these are the significant questions for a decade of transition.

HARRY D. GIDEONSE.

Chapbook of an Age

Johnson's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age. Edited by A. S. Turberville. New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. 809 pages. $14.

THE SUBJECT matter of these beautifully printed and lavishly illustrated volumes is the social life of England during the years that extend from Johnson's early manhood to the eve of the French Revolution. The story is told in twenty-seven chapters by twenty-eight writers, of whom not a few are recognized experts in their fields, and it includes a wide diversity of themes: the Church, the Navy, the Army, the Law, exploration and discovery, travel and communications, London and the life of the town, town life in the provinces, industry and trade, agriculture and rural life, poverty, crime and philanthropy, manners and meals, sports and pastimes, costume, the arts of painting, engraving, sculpture, architecture, gardening, music and the theatre, education, science, the book trade and the newspaper.

It has been the ambition of the various contributors, Professor Turberville tells us in his preface, "so far as the limits of reasonable space permit, to furnish something more precise and more valuable than merely general impressions." The distinctive merit of the work, indeed, is that it brings together a greater number of facts about the civilization of England in the eighteenth century than have hitherto been accessible in any other place. If one is interested in knowing, for example, how frequently coaches ran between London and the university towns, or what different kinds of occupations were represented in a typical village community, or how Londoners amused themselves on Sunday afternoons, or what was the average circulation of newspapers, one may be sure of finding answers to these questions, often with references to contemporary sources.

When so much precise information on so many topics is thus put so conveniently at our disposal, it is perhaps churlish to complain that this end has been accomplished at the expense of some of the qualities that distinguish a work of history from an encyclopedia of antiquities. I do not mean to suggest by this that these volumes are given over solely to static description of practices and institutions. Certainly few of the contributors can be said to be mere antiquarians; and of the 800 pages of the book there are becoming—that seek to clarify the nature of the changes that were taking place in English society during Johnson's lifetime—and some at least that succeed in doing this in a genuinely interpretative way. It is a question, however, whether the editor and his collaborators, in their preoccupation with facts, have not unduly neglected what Professor Turberville calls general impressions, and whether "Johnson's England" would not have been a better book, even for those who merely wish to be informed about the past, had its composition been preceded by more rigorous reflection.

Surely we could have been given something more comprehensive and illuminating in the way of an attempt to define the major social trends of the period than is contained in the brilliantly phrased but rather slight essay by Professor Trevelyan that opens the first volume. Surely, too, some of the writers might have been more exacting with themselves in the analysis of their special topics and the construction of their chapters. There are conspicuous exceptions, to be sure. Studies like those of J. A. Williamson on "Exploration and Discovery," G. D. H. Cole on "Town Life in the Provinces," J. L. and Barbara Hammond on "Poverty, Crime, Philanthropy," R. W. Chapman on "Authors and Booksellers," and D. Nichol Smith on "The Newspaper" are excellently planned and proportioned expositions, built on a discriminating selection of both topics and illustrative details. But among the twenty-eight contributors there are not many who give evidence of having made an equally serious effort to dominate their material, to order it intelligibly, or to translate its meaning into clearly formulated conclusions.

R. S. CRANE.

Now as Story Teller

Kaleidoscope, by Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

STEFAN ZWEIG is a writer who turns now to the short biographical sketch, now to the full-length historical portrait, again to the critical essay, then tries his hand at the drama (how deftly he adapted Ben Jonson's "Volpone") or, as in this volume, the short story, showing himself a past-master in all these various fields. Yet always he remains essentially the same, revealing in all these mediums his subtlety of style, his profound psychological knowledge and his inherent humaneness. These thirteen tales, written over a period of twenty years and some of them appearing for the first time between book covers, range from the protracted anecdote to the psychological study, some of the latter type suggesting the Thomas Mann of "Tristan" and "Death in Venice." The pervading note is sympathy with the misguided human who is driven by "an obscure sentiment of spiritual unrest."

"Burning Secret," the first story and by far the longest one, tells of the psychical awakening of twelve-year-old Edgar, who unwittingly saves his mother from an amorous adventure with a Don Juan, then consciously protects her from the humiliation of being found out by her husband. "Transfiguration" is an astonishing study of a man-about-town who experiences a fresh vital impetus by giving in to a momentary impulse to steal. In other stories we meet Buchmendel, the living encyclopedia, "who read as others pray," but proved unable to cope with the problems of practical life; and the two girls who by chance uncover life's nakedness; and the unfaithful wife whom her husband redeems by the harrowing homeopathic device of fear. "The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing it is like watching a tightrope walker perform; yet the artist never stumbles. The point is that we identify ourselves with every one of these all-too-human characters; that their vices become our vices, their shame our shame; that we suffer and rejoice with them.

The pseudo-biblical and the oriental stories that close the book rather fall below the standard set by the others.

The Pauls furnish their customary sensitive translation, marred by an occasional slip into typical British vernacular, which in material of this type is totally out of place. "I say, Fritz," says the wife to the husband in the middle of a tragic situation. I say! BARTHOLD FLES.

All-Star Revues

Designed for Reading: An Anthology Drawn from The Saturday Review of Literature, 1924-34. New York: The Macmillan Company. 634 pages. $3.

The American Spectator Year Book. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 371 pages. $2.75.

OF THESE two volumes of editors' selections from their own magazines, one covers a period of ten years, the other a period of twelve months; one is a kind of anniversary volume, whereas the other promises to come out annually. The problem of the reviewer, then, is not so much what the books are about or what their literary value is, as whether or not either book tells anything about the magazine of which it is an anthology—whether the magazine gives a vivid picture of its time, whether it has definite flavor—and if the issuance of such books is in any way justifiable.

Despite their difference in aim, the two volumes, like the magazines they represent, have certain traits in common. Both present a galaxy of already arrived writers, men and women who have found prominence elsewhere. Both seem to have taken anything these famous people have been pleased to submit; both have tried to sell themselves by means of these names; and neither seems to have attempted to foster new talent.

In "Designed for Reading" the first importance is given to criticism (poetry and the "imaginative" play, as they do in The Saturday Review itself, a very minor part) and this criticism does make pretense toward a definite attitude, a recognizable flavor. First of all it attempts to be sound—soundness meaning making no mistakes, always being "right," being, in other words, both wary and conservative; and, second, the editors have aimed at "charm," "appreciation" and gentility. At times this has led them into being Pollyannaish. There is noticeable, furthermore, a tendency, especially in the many contributions of Henry Seidel Canby, to be contemptuous of the passionate and virile but seldom charming younger generation, authors represented by Hemingway, Dos Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald and the so-called proletarian writers; and to elevate beyond the place time has alloted them the writers in the genteel tradition, the Edith Whartons and, oddly enough, the Booth Tarkingtons. Still there are redeeming high spots in this dull, eminently respectable, sometimes smug company. There is Mary Colum on the Brontës, and David Garnett on the letters of D. H. Lawrence, and Lytton Strachey on James Anthony Froude; and there is Santayana at his best.

But it is with some relief that one turns to "The American Spectator Year Book," which is sprightly and energetic and sometimes humorous, although it is struggling in a form with a lot of amusing, well known entertainers, each doing his dance, plugging his jokes, singing his song without any relation to the performer that came before him. By aiming each in a different direction, individual writers disperse the strength of the battery as a whole. Many of the essays are brilliant, and some of them convincing. Particularly good are Thomas Beer's description of five minutes with Lytton Strachey, and Jim Tully's account of meeting Arnold Bennett.

It seems scarcely possible that in filling these 371 pages anything of value could have been left out. Most of the essays seem far more readable in this book than they did in the difficult format of The American Spectator. And since one of these volumes is to appear every spring, one is almost tempted to suggest that it becomes no longer necessary to publish The American Spectator at all.

The main allegiance of both of these books is to the past. "Designed for Reading" strikes one as a sort of memorial volume: Dr. Canby calls it "a museum of the art and science of writing." The writers of "The American Spectator Year Book" have all had their day, and their articles take on certain qualities of memoir writing. Neither volume gives promise for the future, and neither sympathizes with the present. Whatever their differences, the two unite in the conviction that the rest of the regiment is out of step.

R. M. MACGREGOR.

Words and Music

Stephen Foster: America's Troubadour, by John Tasker Howard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 445 pages. $3.50.

IN THIS voluminous study Mr. John Tasker Howard has chosen the wiser part, for it would be impossible to write a biography or a portrait study of Foster in the dramatic contemporary manner. Great and final obscurities exist as to the core of his character and the influences that bent his temperament. The few memories remaining from others are either singularly indefinite or have been heavily retouched; and very little of his own correspondence speaks as warmly as the boyhood letter quoted by Mr. Howard, which begins:

> My Dear Father, I wish you would send me a commic songster for you promised to. if I had a pensyl I could rule my paper. or if I had the money to by Black ink But if I had my whistle I would be so taken with it I do not think I would write atall.

Always an elusive figure, Foster left nothing to reveal his mind or his judgment of events as these pressed more and more heavily upon him. To embroider the known sequences or to perceive subtleties in his character with the simple foundation of fact is to create the same sort of falsity that appears when his songs are elaborately harmonized. And like his songs, a sense of his life may be ruined by infusions of sentiment.

Mr. Howard, though keeping clear of sentimentality, has prepared his book with devotion. If the result is a biographer's workshop rather than a biography, the privilege of scanning many of the materials at first hand is great. Family letters have been extensively used to indicate the personalities by which Foster was surrounded. As to points of fact, no detail has been too slight for Mr. Howard to trace, no contradiction too difficult to unravel. This book gives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well established chronologies will be useful to those who care to coördinate Foster's work with other musical and literary sequences.

On the whole Mr. Howard is chary of interpretations —indeed, one might expect a clearer recognition on his part of the genuine poetry in his subject. With an exquisite lyrical genius Foster possessed other gifts not often given to the lyrist—humor in both words and music, and choral power. If he produced a body of work that was inferior and unschooled when schooling might have helped him, none the less his genius often flowed simply and irresistibly, and his songs have found a place in our communal memory that is unmatched. CONSTANCE ROURKE.

The Rose-Colored Spy Glass

The Red Network: A Who's Who and Handbook of Radicalism for Patriots, by Elizabeth Dilling. Published by the author: 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 352 pages. 75 cents.

IN ALL seriousness, this book is dedicated to the "Professional Patriots," particularly to those "who have aided . . . the author in her effort to bring to the sound but still sleeping portion of the American public the truth about the Communist-Socialist world conspiracy which, with its four horsemen, Atheism, Immorality, Class Hatred and Pacifism-for-the-sake-of-the-Red-Revolution, is boring within our churches, schools and government and is undermining America like a cancerous growth."

While certain leading conspirators rate special chapters at the beginning of the book, the last third is devoted to a more condensed "Who's Who" of radicalism and gives the lowdown on 1,300 of the world's most dangerous people. Although the list embraces (in addition to 175 kingpins from the author's native city alone) Karl Marx and Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, Eva Le Gallienne and Lenin, many hard-working and deserving subversives are omitted, apparently for the reason that they have never managed to get on enough letter-heads.

Part Two of the book gives the dirt on Red organizations: the Communist party, the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the National Save Our Schools Committee. . . . Along with all the rest of the entertaining misinformation, it provides a good deal of interesting historical data. If you are looking for a group in which to get active or a cause to support, you will undoubtedly find the book as a whole a handy, compact reference work.

ROBERT E. ASHER.

Books in Brief

High Command in the World War, by William Dilworth Puleston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 344 pages. $3.

THE AUTHOR of this book, who was recently relieved as Captain of the U.S.S. "Mississippi" to become Director of Naval Intelligence in Washington, D. C., saw service in 1918 with the American destroyers in European waters. He also studied in the naval and army war colleges, and the present book is an outcome of his studies there. Though the political opinions of its author are occasionally quite naïve, in the main it gives a good th[illegible] the War, until the entry of America; but the battle of Jutland and the campaign centering around Verdun are treated in considerable detail. The author is what used to be called during the War a "Westerner"—that is, he believes that the War was decided wholly on the Western Front—and is quite severe on the Allied statesmen and generals who permitted strength to be dissipated in Gallipoli and Salonika, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Yet it is plain that but for these "sideshows" the Turks would have been free to concentrate their efforts on the Caucasus or on the Suez Canal, or they might have been brought over, together with the Bulgarians, to the Western Front.

H. S.

New Governments in Europe, Edited by Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: Thomas Nelson and Sons. 440 pages. $2.50.

In this book the Foreign Policy Association presents to the public an encyclopedia of factual data tracing the trend toward dictatorship in Europe since the War. It also poses certain questions on which the collected facts are intended to throw light—Is democracy dead? Are dictators here to stay? What happened in Europe? Will America follow suit? There is much careful scholarship evident in these accounts of political development—in Vera Micheles Dean's chapters on "The Attack on Democracy," "Fascist Rule in Italy" and "The Political Structure of the Soviet State," in Mr. Malbone Graham's discussion of "Stability in the Baltic States," Mildred Wertheimer's "The Nazi Revolution in Germany" and Bailey W. Diffie's summary of "Spain Under the Republic." And the account of kidnapings and general gangster methods by which stability was won for the Baltic States makes lively reading, as does the picture of Poland emerging as the new Austria-Hungary of Europe, now coping with the racial questions that bothered the Hapsburgs. However, in spite of the fact that in most cases something of the political, geographic and temperamental background of the peoples discussed is painted in, the book in general adds up to a handy reference rather than an answer to the questions posed, the material being hardly so pointed as to indicate the trend for the future.

B. E. B.

Employment Exchanges: An International Study of Placing Activities, by The International Labor Office. Series C, No. 18. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 231 pages. $1.25.

An official publication dealing with the following aspects of labor placement agencies throughout the world: general organization; occupational and sex classifications; occupational changes; labor clearing; international placing; statistics of operation of exchanges. There is a good bibliography of the subject. H. W.

Creation's Doom, by Desiderius Papp. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 288 pages. $3.

The author of this scientific romance is a well known Austrian journalist who studied—appropriately enough—under the brilliant French astronomer, Flammarion. In a series of exciting pictures he presents his version of "the end of all things and after," with due attention to the long road that has been traveled from the beginning of time to the present. "The Man of the Future" is portrayed as an incredibly intelligent but physically unrecognizable giant

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thetic paradise, carrying within itself the doom that confronts the whole solar system on its journey through space. All the alternatives—cooling of the sun, comet and astral collision, bombardments and explosions—are canvassed and, finally, three million million years from the beginning of human life, the vital principle succumbs to absolute zero, to be followed by the sun's final burst of splendor on coming within the field of a dense galactic cloud: "Mors imperator" the author writes, as the curtain falls on another minor act of the cosmic drama. H. W.

The Provincial Lady in America, by E. M. Delafield. New York: Harper and Brothers. 245 pages. $2.50.

Of all the English authors who have come to lecture and raise eyebrows at America, E. M. Delafield is perhaps the least annoying. Like many of her compatriots she has not, of course, been able to resist the temptation to make printed sentences out of her impressions, but at least she is not guilty of generalizations; her observations, set down in diary form, are always those of an observer rather than a judge. A determined diarist, she narrows her scope to trivialities that escape banality only because she is shrewd and has a certain self-deprecating sense of humor with which she knows how to win her reader. We follow her around to various lectures, cities, bookstores. We see her publishers showing her the town. We note her reactions to people she meets. And in the end, we guess that if we were going to throw a party we should like to have her come too.

J. M.

Contributors

KARL LORE is active in labor organization and education.

ISOBEL STROTHER WALKER has done newspaper work and short stories. She is now working on a novel.

CELIA STRACHEY, an English newspaper woman, is the wife of John Strachey, British Communist leader.

JOHN GUSTAV WERNER is a German refugee now living in England.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH is the author of "Damned If They Do," a novel dealing with obstetrics. She wrote one of the sections of the current New Republic pamphlet, "For Legalized Birth Control."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, assistant professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, is the author of "International Politics" and other works and is at present writing a book on the German Fascist state.

HARRY D. GIDEONSE, associate professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, is the American editor of La Revue Economique Internationale.

R. S. CRANE is professor of English at the University of Chicago and managing editor of Modern Philology.

BARTHOLD FLES, literary agent and critic, has done editorial work on the (British) Review of Reviews and on Musical America.

R. M. MACGREGOR, on the editorial staff of Harcourt, Brace, contributes reviews to The Herald Tribune Books.

CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author, among other books, of "American Humor" and "Davy Crockett."

ROBERT E. ASHER is now doing graduate work in Political Science at the University of Chicago.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Herman Simpson, Beatrice Bettinger, Harold Ward and Jerre Mangione.

BREEZEMONT

A resort of unusual charm set on a huge estate in the Westchester Hills.—Private swimming lake—tennis—all sports. An ideal summer residence for people of good taste. One hour to your office.

Excellent cuisine. Breezemont is managed by Ray Davidson, of the old "Russian Inn."

Armonk, N. Y. Armonk Village 555

Camp CONAWOPA

& SUMMER INSTITUTE

at Mohegan Colony—Crompond, N. Y. (June 30—September 9)

Excellent Food Clean Rooms
Land and Water Sports
Daily Lectures and Week-end Institutes on current
Social, Economic and Political Problems
Staff Lecturers:
Sidney Hook V. F. Calverton James Rorty Alfred Bingham Oliver Carlson A. J. Muste Walter E. Peck

$20.00 per week—$3.50 per day week-ends

Write for booklet or make reservations

Room 702, 112 E. 19 St., N. Y. C.. ALgonquin 4-9058

CAMP UNITY

Ideal vacation at lowest rates—$14 weekly. Swim, fish, boat, on beautiful Lake Ellis. Unusual programs, all sports, fine accommodations. Cars leave for Wingdale, N. Y., from 2700 Bronx Park East daily. ALgonquin 4-1148.

NITGEDAIGET

Camp at Beacon-on-Hudson, N. Y., announces week's program including New Dance Group, Theatre Brigade, Bella Dorfman of Artef Players, Pierre Degeyter Trio. All sports—tennis, swim, baseball, dance etc. $14 a week Esta-

Explode your Holiday Firecrackers at GREEN MANSIONS
SPECIAL 5-DAY JULY 4th WEEK-END
Compinsky Trio, Pauline Koner, Green Mansions Theatre. Private golf course, lake and tennis courts.
Write or phone
157 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.
COlumbus 5-6346
Lena Barish : Sam Garlen
Directors
GREEN MANSIONS
WARRENSBURG N.Y.

KILOMETRE KNOLL

RIDGEFIELD, CONN.

A delightful summer home with room for four or five guests

Altitude: 800 feet. Rates: $25 a week

MARGARET LADD FRANKLIN
FABIAN FRANKLIN

Telephone: Ridgefield 636

Lake Chadakee Lodge

80 miles from N. Y. **June 29-Sept. 4**

Resort camp of exceptional beauty and facilities, for adults only. Elev. 800 ft.—comfortable guest rooms—very choice food. Resident theatre, professional and guest artists. Bathing, boating, fishing in private lake; 9 tennis courts. NO CHARGE for entertainments and sports except golf and riding. Come by rail, motor

SPEND DELIGHTFUL VACATION on large colonial estate

Modern conveniences. Tennis, private golf course, no fees. Swimming. Near new race track. Best Southern cooking. Rates $12 to $16 weekly. Seven hours from New York.

MAJOR MARSHALL MacDONALD
Media Farm
Charles Town West Virginia

SUMMER RENTALS

FOR RENT—7 room furnished house, bath, electricity, fireplace. 50 acres woodland and meadow on pond, boating, swimming, real country. $200 season. A. W. Hitchcock, Holland, Mass.

COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, 2 rooms, bath, kitchenette, with roof garden and harbor view. Very cool. Piano, $45. Call mornings Main 4-6165.

IN WATCHUNG MOUNTAINS, near Plainfield, 45 minutes from New York, 5-room house, furnished, modern, 11 acres. $250 long season. Call Plainfield 6-1568-R-1 or Washington Heights 8-3150.

TWO ROOMS, bath, furnished apartment over private garage. $100 season. Telephone before 10 A. M. Far Rockaway 7-2657.

BORO HALL—Attractive apartments; refrigeration, fireplaces, roof garden. 4 rooms, $55; 5 rooms, $65. 174 State St., MAin 4-6821.

POSITION WANTED

YOUNG MAN, living in Paris, widely traveled, languages, college graduate, efficient. Will do anything compatible—companion, tutor or business. Box 846, The New Republic.

CARE FOR CHILDREN

TRAINED TEACHERS wish to take four children to their beautiful country home at Fishkill, use of private lake, outdoor sports, tutoring. Moderate rates. Write Box 845, The New Republic.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books; reasonable. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogue 70 now ready. Alfred G. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIAN HISTORY and economics, pre-war and Soviet publications in English and Russian. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

PERSONAL

MATURE PROFESSIONAL or Business Man will find

ELECTRONICALLY REPRODUCED